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## THE NEUTRAL ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

ENCRUSTED in his island-home that lies beyond the sea,
Behold the great original and genuine ''Tis He;'
A paunchy, fuming son of beef, with double weight of chin,
And eyes that were benevolent, but for their singular tendency to turn green whenever it is remarked that his irrepressible American cousins have made another treaty with China ahead of him, and taken Albion in—
This neutral English gentleman, one of the modern time.

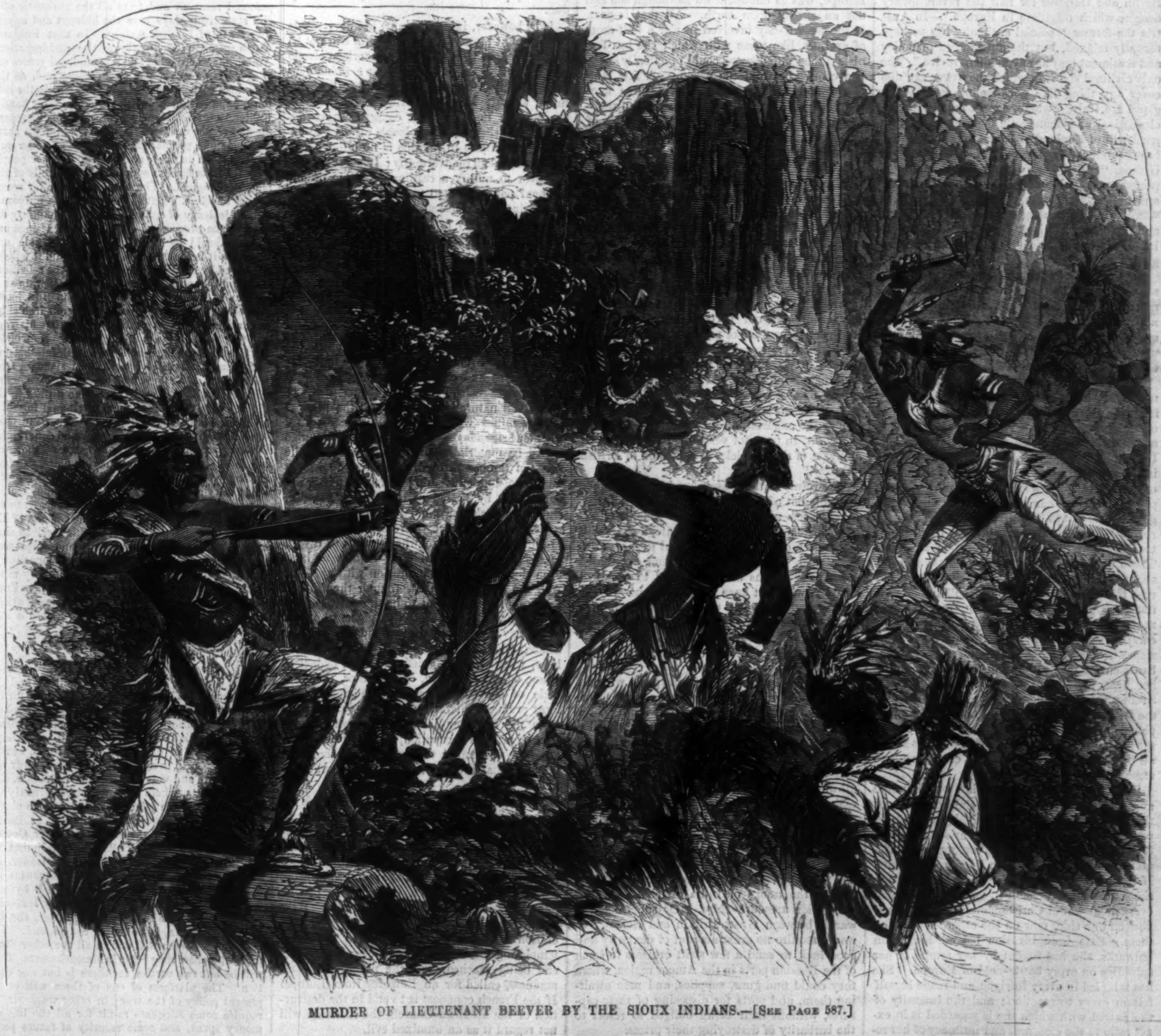
With William, Duke of Normandy, his ancestors, he boasts,
Came over from the shores of France to whip the Saxon hosts;
And this he makes a source of pride; but wherefore there should be
Such credit to an Englishman in the fact, that he is descended from a nation which England is for ever pretending to regard as slightly her inferior in every thing, and particularly behind her in military and naval affairs, we can not really see—
This neutral English gentleman, one of the modern time.

He deals in Christianity—Episcopalian brand,
And sends his missionaries forth to bully heathen-land;
Just mention 'slavery' to him, and, with a joyous sigh,
He'll say it's 'orrid, scandalous, although he is ready to fight for the cotton raised by slaves, and forgets how he bothered the Chinese to make them take opium; and blew the Sepoys from the guns, because the poor devils refused to be enslaved by the East India Company, or his phi-lan-thro-py—
This neutral English gentleman, one of the modern time.

He yields to brother Jonathan a love that passeth show.
'We're Hanglo-Saxons, both of us, and can't be foes, you know;'
But as a Christian gentleman, he can not, can not hide
His horror of the spectacle, of four millions of black beings being held in bondage by a nation professing the largest liberty in the world; though in case of an anti-slavery crusade, the interest of his Manchester factors would imperatively forbid him to take part on either side—
This neutral English gentleman, one of the modern time.

Now seeing the said Jonathan by base rebellion stirr'd,
And battling with pro-slavery, it might be thence inferr'd
That British sympathy is label'd 'Neutrality,' and consigned to any rebel port not too closely blockaded to permit English vessels loaded with munitions to slip in. And when you ask Mr. Bull what he means by his inconsistent conduct, he becomes notoriously indignant, rolls up his eyes, and says, 'I can't endure to see brothers murdering each other, and keeping me out of my cotton—I can't, upon my life'—
This neutral British gentleman, one of the modern time.

Supposing Mr. Bull should die, the question might arise,
Will he be wanted down below, or wafted to the skies?
Allowing that he had his choice, it really seems to me,
The moral English gentleman would choose a front seat with his Infernal Majesty; since Milton, in his blank verse correspondence with old Time, more than once hinted the possibility of Nick's rebellion against Heaven succeeding. And as the Lower Secessia has cottoned to England through numerous Hanoverian reigns, such a choice on the part of the philanthropical Britisher would be simply another specimen of his Neutral-i-ty—
The neutral British gentleman, one of the modern time.



MURDER OF LIEUTENANT BEEVER BY THE SIOUX INDIANS.—[SEE PAGE 587.]

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1863.

## ANGLOPHOBIA.

"*IF the vanity of Englishmen requires a corrective, they have only to ascertain the feelings with which they are regarded by neighboring and rival nations.*" This is the opening sentence of a labored article in the *Saturday Review*, the cleverest, though far from the wisest, of the English periodicals. It is conducted by a clique of young men whose leading aim is to show how brilliantly they can write. But children have acute perceptions as to who likes them and who does not, and have an inconvenient habit of telling the truth. The young men of the *Saturday Review* have told some unpleasant truths.

In Federal America, according to the *Review*, "hatred to England is unfortunately the dominant feeling." The writer is quite unable to account for this strange fact. But he goes on to show that the feeling throughout Europe is hardly more amicable. "The dislike which is felt for the English name and character in France is perhaps less outrageous, but it is unfortunately equally genuine." The "Russians consider it natural that France should protect the Poles, but they are bitterly offended by the diplomatic interference of England. In the same manner they attributed to England their misfortunes in the Crimean war, while they hastened, as soon as peace was restored, to cement a fresh alliance with France."—"The Poles, while they are soliciting the aid of England, are unable to suppress the hatred which they have been taught by their French patrons to feel for the country which is falsely accused of complicity with the infamous partitions of the last century. In one of the most plausible of their recent pamphlets the writer repeatedly declares that England is the worst enemy of his cause."—"There is too much reason to fear that in Germany, and especially in Prussia, English policy is regarded with suspicion and dislike...... the English Government is held responsible in Berlin and Hanover for half the revolutionary designs which originate in Europe."—In Austria the former "official antipathy has perhaps recently relaxed, but the antagonism of policy and sentiment may at any moment revive." The only civilized states in which the writer can discover any thing like good-feeling toward England are Italy, "where, except among the ecclesiastical and democratic factions, the hearty good-will of England to the national cause may have produced a favorable impression;" in Greece, "which has recently shown an unexpected appreciation of the English character;" and among the Turks, who "can scarcely be wanting in a certain respect for their only friend and protector. With these exceptions the opinion of Europe is mortifying to a patriotic Englishman."

In the face of such an acknowledged public sentiment, we half suspect that the Reviewer meant as ironical his attempt to "inquire why a community which seems to itself peaceable and inoffensive has become, even more conspicuously than in ordinary times, the victim of calumny and vituperation."

But the Reviewer was unable to see, or dared not to tell, half the extent of the bitter feeling against England which is the dominant sentiment of the world. As far as we are concerned, it is too openly expressed to need special mention. In France, though it is less publicly avowed, it is none the less deep. The Emperor is aware of this, and perceives in it the winning card by playing which he can retrieve the most desperate game. He knows that if France were ripe for revolution to-day, he could bring it back to him to-morrow by declaring war against England. There would be no need of conscription to fill the ranks of his army. Every Frenchman would rush to arms to "avenge Waterloo;" and there is not a peasant woman in the empire who would not sell her last chemise to raise a franc for carrying on the war. A thousand royal marriages will never make Denmark forget the bombardment of her capital and the destruction of her fleet, without even a declaration of war. Spain must be an enemy of England so long as the British flag flaunting over Gibraltar is a perpetual insult as well as injury. Every one of the foreign possessions which England has seized all over the world is a menace or an insult to some nation.

The truth is, that for the last one hundred and sixty years, since upon the accession of the House of Hanover the British Government passed into the hands of a great aristocracy, and its foreign policy assumed its present shape, England has been the common enemy of nations. If a nation was feeble she bullied it, if strong she set herself to weaken it. She has fomented every great war of Christendom, and taken part, now on one side, now on the other, in most of them. Safe from invasion behind her ocean bulwarks, she has fought by her armies or her subsidies on every battle-field of Europe. She has mingled in every intrigue, and made herself felt in every transaction; and the intensity of the hatred with which she is regarded is in exact ratio to the closeness and intimacy of her relations with other people. The Irish, for example, have had more to do with the English than any others, and their hatred is the deepest. It is a hatred which no distance of space or time can extinguish. All over the world men of Irish birth or descent pursue every occupation and fill every position in life. They are laborers and senators, merchants and soldiers, artisans and clergymen. Many of them have apparently lost their peculiar national characteristics, so that except for the names which they bear no one would suppose that they belonged to the Celtic race; but so long as there is a drop of Irish blood in their veins it boils when English rule is named.

The Saturday Reviewer makes no mention of the feelings with which England is regarded among those whom we call uncivilized nations. Very likely he thought the hatred of half a thousand millions of Hindoos, Chinese, and Japanese of no account. But the late Indian rebellion should have taught him that it was worth considering. Let no man dream that the curtain has fallen upon the long tragedy of "The British in India." Campbell's lines have something of unfulfilled prophecy in them:

> "Foes of mankind, her guardian spirits say,
> Revolving ages bring the bitter day,
> When Heaven's unerring arm shall fall on you,
> And blood for blood these Indian plains bedew.
> ....The Tenth Avatar comes—"

The next uprising will find the people of India better prepared, and if it be wisely timed furnished with powerful allies.

Half a century ago England was invulnerable to any hostile attack. The narrow seas that formed her boundaries were inviolable to any foe. Napoleon, who scorned the passes of the Alps, the snowy wastes of Russia, and the towering fortresses of Germany, shrunk from attempting the passage of the British Straits. All that is changed now. The British seas are the best highways for an invading army.

While thus open to assault at home, England is still more open to attack abroad. Fifty years ago, when all Europe was in arms against her, her flag floated triumphantly on every sea. The commerce, from which she drew the wealth which was to enable her in effect to fight the battles of Europe, was as unobstructed as though she had not an enemy upon earth. All that is past. If she were to-day involved in war a half score of cruisers, like those with which she has furnished the Confederates, could practically sweep her commerce from the ocean. A few *Alabamas* and *Floridas* would drive China merchantmen, Indian traders, and Australian treasure-ships from the Indian seas. The power of England rests upon her commerce and her manufactures. Cut her off from access to supplies and from a market for her products, and she will soon be reduced to the position to which her population and territory entitle her—that of a second-rate power.

With a folly, to which the history of nations affords no parallel, she seems to have deliberately set herself to teach the world just how this may be done without violating international law. Her doctrine of neutrality, stripped of all technicality, is just this: "We can not obstruct the building in our ports of vessels evidently constructed for warlike purposes, and notoriously destined for war upon a nation with whom we are at peace. The building of ships is a legitimate occupation. We can not prevent the sailing of these vessels unless they have guns and munitions of war on board. We can not hinder the exportation of guns and munitions, as freight, in peaceful vessels. The production and sale of these articles is a portion of British industry."

The result of these decisions is that a ship of war sails out of an English port unobstructed—only she has no guns on board. She is followed by a steamer loaded to the water's edge with guns and munitions. This vessel goes also unquestioned. The two meet at some designated point. The guns are transferred to the war-steamer, which at once sets out on her voyage of destruction; while the other, without ever having entered a port, returns several feet higher out of water. The result is that the merchant vessels of a neutral power are burned by the score in mid-ocean.

Well, England has played this game with us, and her ship-builders and gun-makers are richer by a few hundred thousands, and we are poorer by a few millions. But she has established a precedent in the interpretation of the law of neutrality which no one of her enemies—who, according to the *Saturday Review*, are nearly all of the civilized world—will scarcely see occasion to dispute in her favor. Let a war, as now seems probable, break out between England and Japan, and there is nothing to prevent any French or American ship-builder from selling a "290" or two to the Tycoon or the Mikado; and the Japanese waters lie remarkably convenient to the tracks of India merchantmen and Australian treasure-ships. Or supposing the war is between Great Britain and Russia. It would require no great amount of dexterity and good luck to send a few swift cruisers to some of the Russian ports in the Amoor region, where they could find guns, supplies, and men awaiting them, and ports for disposing of their captures, without their being obliged to resort to the barbarity of destroying their prizes.

England has been for a century and a half busily engaged in teaching "Anglophobia" to the rest of the world. The lesson has, according to the *Saturday Review*, been pretty thoroughly learned by this time. She will have no just reason for complaint if it is put into practice according to the precedents which she has labored to establish.

## THE MEXICAN EMPIRE.

THE Archduke Maximilian, of Austria, has formally accepted the throne of Mexico, which was tendered him, a few weeks since, by an informal, self-constituted assembly of Mexicans, sitting in the city of Mexico, under the protection of French bayonets. It is scarcely possible to conceive a more slender title to a throne. Joseph Bonaparte's title to the throne of Spain, and Murat's title to that of Naples, were respectable in comparison. Still the Archduke accepts, the Emperor is ready to seat him, and maintain him by force, and, for all practical purposes of the moment, Maximilian will become as actual a monarch as if he had succeeded to a long line of ancestry in due hereditary course.

It is not too much to say that the Mexican policy of the Emperor of the French has aroused in this country the greatest astonishment and the most profound indignation. Astonishment, because whatever view was taken of the Emperor's moral qualities, he had always had credit here for astuteness and sagacity; and every child knows that an attempt to force upon the Mexicans a form of Government which they abhor, with a German foreigner at its head, in equal contempt of their feelings and our well-settled policy, must inevitably end in most disastrous failure. And indignation at the fraud in which the war was commenced, and the barefaced knavery through which this Frenchman is attempting to destroy the liberties of four millions of people. If any thing were wanting to fill the measure of our disgust at the transaction, it would be supplied by the accumulating evidences of a purpose on the part of the French to espouse the side of that Church party in Mexico which has been the curse of the country, and to whose existence the past forty years of Mexican anarchy are mainly due.

It is, however, idle to indulge in angry words or regrets at present. The Emperor can not be ignorant of the view which the American people will take of his proceedings. For a whole generation every European statesman has been familiar with the Monroe doctrine, and dispassionate men in many foreign countries have admitted its wisdom. Napoleon's attempt to establish an empire in Mexico is no blind enterprise undertaken inadvertently; it is a deliberate endeavor to nullify a cardinal doctrine of our national policy, and to reassert the European equilibrium on American soil. To such an undertaking the only fitting answer we can make is an armed defense of our policy; and this being out of the question at present, owing to the circumstances in which the republic is placed, we have nothing left but to submit in silence, and await our opportunity.

There is one point of view in which the French subjugation of Mexico may be regarded with satisfaction. That country will, under the dominion of French bayonets, enjoy more internal peace and order than any of its recent governments seemed capable of securing. Commerce will naturally improve, and the product of the mines will increase. It is doubtful whether brigandage—the plague-spot of Mexico—will be materially diminished; as now the ranks of the banditti will be swelled by a large number of individuals impelled by patriotic impulses and by hatred of the foreign invader. But we may take for granted that the main highways—as, for instance, the road from Vera Cruz to Mexico—will be somewhat safer than it was, as the French will absolutely require to keep open that line of communication with the sea. And the prospect is that, though the Church party appear at present to be the chief gainers by the French conquest, the piper who will ultimately pay for this new fandango will be Mother Church. A time will come, sooner or later, when increasing deficits in the budget at home, on one side, and, on the other, the spectacle of enormous wealth squandered by the most profligate hierarchy in the world, will tell upon the not over-tender consciences of the French army of occupation, and the priests who are now welcoming the foreigner to their soil may find that Frenchmen can rob as thoroughly as Liberals.

Providence generally works out its ends by indirection. The great problem of slavery in this country appeared insoluble until the slaveholders took up arms to destroy the Government which was their only bulwark against the increasing civilization of the age; and so in Mexico the contest between Church and people, feudal privilege and democratic liberty, right and wrong, dragged on its weary length for generation after generation; and good men, contemplating the wretched scene, despaired of any end being reached until the prelates, in their madness, called for an Emperor from Europe. If the French conquest is to end in the destruction of the Mexican Church, the historian will not regard it as an unmixed evil.

## THE LOUNGER.

### "SOCIAL CONDITION OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE."

THE Harpers have just published a very remarkable book with this title. It is not only remarkable but its appearance is most timely. For at a time when our whole system is undergoing the most fiery trial, and when, consequently, many a man is inclined to look elsewhere, and especially to England, as to a sure and steadfast form of society, whoever shows that England has reached her present condition, which seems to him so enviable, through the stern manipulation of civil war, helps the doubtful and timid to a juster judgment. But whoever shows that the present condition of England, which seems superficially so enviable, is but a veneer of prosperity over the most radical ignorance, vice, and discontent, teaches the hesitating mind that, with all its faults, our own system is rooted in the only philosophy from which enduring national peace can spring.

The gentleman who, after large personal observation in England, and much cogent reflection, has edited this English book, has therefore performed a great public service. His preface, which is brief and pointed, informs us that he abandoned his project of an original work upon the practical working of the British internal policy for the last twenty years, because the present embittered feeling between the two countries would inevitably expose such a work to the charge and suspicion of prejudice. He has, therefore, selected an English work, published in the year 1850, by Joseph Kay, who was commissioned by the British University of Cambridge to investigate the comparative social condition of the poorer classes in the countries of Western Europe, and from this work he has caused to be reprinted the chapters that describe the social condition of England. He says: "No stone has been left unturned by the ruling classes of England, during the past two years, to degrade the people of America in the estimation of European populations, and to secure the failure of our form of representative Government.....I have an object in reprinting Mr. Kay's chapters. I believe he describes the results of a form of government directly opposed to the principles of our own. I hope these results will induce my countrymen to value our institutions, and persuade all men among us to perform their part in sustaining them in their integrity, until the favorable moment arrives for such changes as it may be desirable to make."

The astounding facts follow. Mr. Kay, from personal research and from all the authentic official statements, lays bare the hideous and appalling truth of English society. In that England which seems to so many thoughtless and impatient Americans so enviable and splendid, *one person out of every eight* was a pauper in 1848; and, as the American editor informs us, in 1861, before the cotton famine began, and with no war on their hands, England's and Ireland's paupers had increased about five per cent. yearly since 1851; with three millions more population, *less* land was under cultivation than in 1851, and one-third of her people were fed from foreign sources. The details of the facts are tragical. The problem they offer seems almost hopeless. But they explain the universal British jealousy of our success, and its haughty delight in the prospect of our ruin. For if once our system should be proved to be as flexible and strong as it is humane and alluring, and it will be so proved by our success in defeating the rebellion, the condition of England will be as desperate as it is already tragical. No wonder John Bull looses pirates against our commerce, and sends iron ships to threaten our coasts. No wonder that his rage and fear rend his mask of neutrality. No wonder his chief journal darkens the air with falsehood at home, and sends a tool to sharpen slanders from this country. He must man every battery foul and fair. His trial hour has come like a thief in the night. His fate hangs upon a tribunal in which he can not bribe the judges. The American Government fights the battle of liberty and equal rights for every people. It is knowledge of that fact which inspires hope in the laboring class, and hate in the governing class of England. This remarkable book shows exactly why England may readily choose open war with us rather than consent to our triumph. It is because, in the last words of Mr. Kay's book, and the climax of his terrible summary: "The poor of England are more depressed, more pauperized, more numerous, in comparison to the other classes, more irreligious, and very much worse educated than the poor of any other European nation, solely excepting Russia, Turkey, South Italy, Portugal, and Spain. *Such a state of things can not long continue.*"

### WHICH SHALL IT BE?

THE National Democratic Committee and the "Conservatives" having begun to prepare for the next general election, the question is fairly asked, upon what platform do those gentlemen propose to stand and solicit votes? There will be, perhaps, some pretense of difference among them, but all who are opposed to a radical policy in the war will at last unite and vote for the same candidate. In Massachusetts, where the question is perfectly understood, the stale joke of a third party is played out, and Mr. George Lunt, editor of the Boston *Courier*, an old Whig, and now an utter Copperhead, and Mr. George S. Hillard (quantum mutatus ab illo!), a Webster Whig, a Fillmore leader, and a "Conservative" of 1860, seat themselves meekly in the "Democratic" Convention cheek by jowl with those who are left of the old party leaders of that ilk, among whom General Butler, the late Democratic Ajax, is no longer to be found. This kind of gentlemen will end in all the other States precisely where they begin in Massachusetts. There will be but two parties, for there is but one question. The platform of one of them will be the present policy of the war; in other words, it will require some adequate result for all the life and money spent, and some security of future peace.

Upon that platform some candidate will be placed who heartily approves its wisdom and necessity. What will the other platform be?

It is not difficult to foresee. It is already foreshadowed. It will be that of the Copperhead policy—at first partly, and at last wholly. It will begin by saying that when the rebels lay down their arms all rights and privileges hitherto enjoyed are resumed, and persons proved guilty of treason according to law are to be punished. It will end by declaring a general amnesty and an assumption of the Confederate debt, for the sake of conciliation and fraternity. In plain terms, it will propose that, having won the victory, we shall give it to the enemy.

If now we should ask any reasonable "Conservative," By such a policy what do you get for the war? he would doubtless reply, "We get the established proof of the superiority of the Government to armed rebellion." If then we ask, But what security do you get against a more dangerous rebellion? he would make the same answer. If we still inquire, "Upon the mere word of the insurgents, do you mean to withdraw the troops, and allow every body who may not be convicted of treason to vote for members of Congress?" he must either answer Yes, in which case the rebel slaveholders return at once to the control of the Government in alliance with the "Conservatives" of the North; or he must answer, "No; only those can vote who take an oath;" in which case he deserts his platform, and does *not* permit all who lay down their arms to resume their old privileges.

The question of the election will be simply, "Shall the war have been fought for something or for nothing?" There will be no chance for cozening or evasion. One party will say, "Slavery made the war, and there can be no peace until it is destroyed. You might as well think to secure the lives of your children by chasing the wolf into the bushes in the garden instead of killing him, as to hope for the tranquillity of this country while slavery endures." The other will cry, "Pooh! pooh! if you have a cancer on your breast just put on a clean shirt and go in, and all will be serene."

### A WAR BY ANY OTHER NAME IS PRETTY MUCH THE SAME THING.

IF, after the full and open debate of the question, the new rebel war-ships sail against any of our ships or ports out of English harbors, it will be a declaration of war. The farce of neutrality is played out. The British laws are proved incompetent to save the commerce of a friendly power from the ravages of pirates fitting out in England. If, then, she says, "I don't care enough about it to have laws that will protect my allies," she simply says she does not care about peace.

To all our remonstrance and argument England has practically but one answer: "Why do you complain of our selling to the Confederates what you ask us to sell to you? We trade with all parts of all the world; and while we take no side in a domestic national quarrel like yours, you can not fairly complain that we treat both sides alike."

To this the reply is conclusive, that international law excepts the very class of cases of which we complain; and that to build and equip war-ships, or suffer them to be built, and then to let them sail from your harbors to prey upon the commerce of an ally, is one of the most offensive causes of war. To prevent it altogether is impossible. Not to try to prevent it is to connive at the piracy. England knows perfectly well what we think and why we think it. There is no wire-drawing, no hair-splitting, no special plea in our position. And if she still persists in building, fitting, and sailing ships against us, on what ground will she complain if we build, fit, and sail ships against her? Such things are usually called war. But if she prefers to call them neutrality, we are not in the least particular about names.

### THE MONSTER GILMORE.

THAT promising political firm of Rebels, John Bull, and Copperheads, ought at once to pillory the unhappy Gilmore by the side of the beast Butler. Beauregard has already given them their cue. The bombardment of Charleston is inhuman, atrocious, out of the usages of civilized warfare, etc., etc. Certainly these are terrible words; and what has General Gilmore to say? Not only the-ever-to-be-respected and implicitly-to-be-believed Beauregard declares that he is inhuman, but the consuls, John Bull's in the van, cry amen to the great captain. What, then, has General Gilmore done? He has shelled Charleston with Greek fire. He has actually bombarded Charleston!

What fate is fearful enough for such a monster? The beast Butler had the effrontery to take possession of New Orleans, and was then brazen enough to make the rich rebels pay to support the poor whom they had impoverished. He was also so inconceivably vile as to order that any woman who insulted a soldier should be punished by a municipal law of the city. The miscreant also actually hung Mumford, who had only exercised his constitutional right of being a traitor and a rebel, as Mr. G. Ticknor Curtis will expound at length. Nay, that no crown of infamy should be wanting, he made New Orleans a decent city, and kept it in order—an atrocity unknown in its annals hitherto. And for all this the Rebels, John Bull, and the Copperheads, called him solemnly the beast Butler, in order that all men might know that they had nothing in common with him.

But General Gilmore's offense is beyond words. If he had pierced the holy of holies at Mecca and had spat upon the holy stone, if he had danced a sailor's hornpipe in Trinity Church, or smeared Raphael's Transfiguration with tar, the English language might still have been able to deal with his offenses. But to bombard Charleston! Does General Gilmore know that the "Southern gentleman" lives there? That "the chivalry" live there? That the "sons of the Palmetto" live there? That the "natural aristocracy" of the land live there? Is this unhappy bungler, with big guns, aware that his vile abolition missiles may perchance hit the august head of a Spratt, a Keitt, a Rhett, a Simms, or an Orr? What does this plebeian Yankee mean by disturbing the aristocracy? General Beauregard asks for a truce of two days, and this inhuman scoundrel replies that his terms are unconditional surrender or more Greek fire! What can a veracious gentleman like Beauregard and distinguished friends of humanity like John Bull's consul and others, do, but protest and submit? Yes, there is one thing they can do. They can, as before, imitate the boy who declared to his invincible adversary that if he could not lick him he could make mouths at his sister. They can call names. Butler was a beast. Let Gilmore, with the same point, be the monster Gilmore.

### THE MONITORS AT CHARLESTON.

THE complaints of Admiral Dahlgren's delay in Charleston harbor were, at least, premature. The Monitors he commands are precisely the same which discovered in April that until Sumter was reduced they could not operate to advantage. Captain Drayton in the *Passaic*, for instance, found in the last attack that a heavy blow from one of Sumter's guns could derange his machinery. He could put himself to rights perhaps in twelve hours and return to the attack. But that was merely to run exactly the same risk without any adequate compensation; for his guns did little damage to the fort.

The work that the Monitors have to do is to remove the obstructions in the channel. To do that successfully they must be out of the steady battery of heavy guns, which, by denting the turrets, may throw something out of gear. Could they move incessantly they would not mind the chance; but held in one position by the barriers they are unfairly exposed. They must wait, therefore, until they can have the conditions of their success.

Besides, the Monitors obey their helms slowly, and their speed is about four miles an hour. But the current of Charleston harbor is three miles an hour, so that it is easy to see that they may become a little unmanageable.

The Monitors are as yet a crude and undeveloped invention. As harbor defenses they are unquestionably unsurpassed. The contest with the *Merrimac* shows what a select party of them would do with the new iron rams whose shadow falls toward New York out of English harbors. To wooden ships also they must necessarily be fatal. A fort which could not hold them steadily in one place they would readily batter down. But if they can be held within range of a heavy battery, incessantly hammering them, the experience of the April attack upon Sumter shows that they may have to retire.

For the rest it may fairly be supposed that Admiral Dahlgren knows the value of time, and knows also just what the enemy are doing, quite as well as newspaper correspondents. His conduct and reputation hitherto are not such as to justify the suspicion that he will allow the enemy to gain any advantage which it is possible for him to prevent.

### COLD COMFORT.

MR. "VICE-PRESIDENT" STEPHENS, as we lately saw, is cheerful under extreme difficulties, but the Richmond *Dispatch* is more so. It consoles the "Confederacy" in this manner: "Rosecrans is said to be advancing upon Bragg, while in the West Burnside is pressing Buckner. This is *probably* all the better....The danger of too much success upon our side has always been too much confidence....The movement of Rosecrans, if indeed he has begun a march, is one of desperation *possibly*....A week or two will bring us, *we believe*, news to cheer us....The situation since this time last year is not *much* altered to our disadvantage. A single victory in the Southwest will cover much that we have lost there....Should Charleston fall he (the enemy) will only be able to close that place as a port of entry....So the situation brightens."

Such comfort is cold enough without being blown upon by such a vile abolitionist as the Lounger. But it may be remarked that the "danger of too much success upon our side" is not pressing. Job Davis and Company should certainly bespeak livelier comforters.

### A POINT TO CONSIDER.

IT is a curious commentary upon some of the statements made in the work upon the social condition of England of which we have elsewhere spoken, that Mr. Dickens speaks, in his new series of "The Uncommercial Traveler," of visiting a ship full of Mormon emigrants, and finding them to be rough, intelligent, honest folk, of whom England, as well as Joe Smith, might be proud. "I found them," he says, "the most orderly, well-behaved, and intelligent set of common people I ever saw—the pick and flower of England."

Mr. Kay says that the mass of the poorer classes in England are outside of all the churches, because the forms of worship of the Established Church and of most of the dissenting sects are not imaginative enough for an ignorant people, and because the personal intercourse between priest and people, which is essential to the maintenance of popular religious interest, is impossible, from the small number of clergymen and their selection from a superior class. The crowd turns, therefore, either to the glittering pomp and constant personal sympathy and supervision of the Romish Church, or to the sensual excitement of another kind—of the ranters and other ignorant sectaries.

He is wise who knows that every moment not gained is a moment lost, every lesson not learned is an increase of ignorance. We are young; we have a boundless domain; we have hope, faith, and we are about starting fairer than ever before.

Shall all the flooding tides of wisdom that flow toward us not lift our little bark one inch? Let us know, and speak, and consider the fact that the great mass of the technically laboring class in this country is coming to be of a different race and a different religion from the rest of the population; and that no country is safe in which the people are not substantially one.

## ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

LETTERS from the Army of the Potomac give an interesting account of the recent presentation of a sword to General MEADE by the Pennsylvania Reserves, with the speeches made by General CRAWFORD, now commanding the Reserves, General MEADE, Governor CURTIN, and others.

Surgeon-General HAMMOND is about to proceed to Port Royal and New Orleans, to look after the condition of the hospitals.

The Secretary of the Navy has left Washington for a tour of inspection through the New York, Boston, and Portsmouth Navy-yards, and will visit Philadelphia on his return.

In the affair with MOSEBY's guerrillas on 17th ult. near Fairfax, MOSEBY is said to have received two wounds which are believed to be mortal.

The death of General PEMBERTON, who commanded at Vicksburg, at Selma, Alabama, is reported by a dispatch from Cairo.

Commander WALKE went up the Yazoo, a few days since, with instructions to attempt to save the gun-boat *De Kalb*. He found this impossible, and therefore destroyed her, first having removed her guns and every thing of value.

Major LUTHER B. BRUEN, commanding the dépôt of the 12th United States Infantry, at Fort Hamilton, New York Harbor, has been ordered to the field to take command of his regiment. He has not hitherto been in active service.

Dr. G. W. VARNUM, U. S. V., has tendered his resignation, which has been accepted.

Brigadier-General FISK announced the capture of JEFF THOMPSON and his band as follows:

PILOT KNOB, *August 26*, 1863.

*Major-General Schofield*:

My compliments. JEFF THOMPSON is a prisoner in our hands. (Signed) CLINTON B. FISK,
Brigadier-General.

Major J. W. SPEER, Assistant Inspector-General on the staff of General CRAWFORD, resigned last week in consequence of wounds received at Gaines's Hill and Charles Cross Roads. His resignation has been accepted. The successor of Major SPEER is said to be Major WOODWARD, a son of the democratic candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania.

Major OLIVER D. GREENE, of the Adjutant-General's Department, has been appointed Assistant Adjutant-General with the rank of Colonel, on the staff of Major-General SCHOFIELD, commanding the Department of the Missouri, and will leave immediately for St. Louis. He held a similar position on the staff of Major-General FRANKLIN, in the Army of the Potomac.

Lieutenant J. P. SANGER, First United States Artillery, has been made Acting Assistant Inspector-General under General GILMORE.

The death of the traitor JOHN B. FLOYD is confirmed by the Richmond papers. He died of the effects of typhus fever and jaundice in their worst forms.

Captain C. M. LEVY, Assistant Quarter-master, was arrested on 31st ult., and consigned to the Old Capitol prison at Washington, charged with being a defaulter. He has for some time been assigned to the defenses north of the Potomac, and has always enjoyed the confidence of his brother officers. The case will be investigated in a few days.

Captain TIDBALL, of Battery A, Second United States Artillery, is promoted to the Colonelcy of the Fourth New York Heavy Artillery.

Brigadier-General Meigs has completed his inspection of the Army of the Potomac and returned to Washington.

Colonel HENRY E. DAVIES, of this city, of the Harris Light Cavalry, was, on the 21st ult., appointed to the command of the First Brigade of the Third Division of Cavalry in the Army of the Potomac.

The funeral of Acting Assistant Paymaster JOSIAH G. WOODBURY, who was killed on board the *Catskill* in the attack on Charleston, took place on 29th ult., at two P.M., at the residence of the mother of the deceased in Bedford. Mr. WOODBURY was a member of Lafayette Lodge, Manchester, New Hampshire, and was buried with Masonic honors.

Lieutenant-Colonel HALPINE, formerly Assistant Adjutant-General to Generals HUNTER and HALLECK, has been temporarily assigned, by special orders of the War Department, to duty with Major-General DIX.

Acting Master ROBERT CAMERON was reported to have died on the 29th of June. Parties in this city have just received a letter from him, dated 18th of August, and a telegram from Cairo, dated August 31, stating that he was well, and had been promoted. He served in the army, and is now in the navy. He is a young Scotchman, and has served in the Mississippi squadron ever since December, and has been in almost every engagement, and was wounded at Liverpool Bluffs.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

#### CHARLESTON.

ON the evening of the 25th ult. our troops made an assault on Fort Wagner, with a view to the possession of that important strong-hold. Rebel authorities state that it was repulsed. On the 26th ult. the fire on both sides was very slow and deliberate. The dispatch of the 28th says that the Union troops are working hard in the trenches in front of Fort Wagner.

#### THE WAR IN TENNESSEE.

The army of General Rosecrans crossed the Tennessee River at four points, the Second Kentucky cavalry capturing thirty-five pickets of the enemy. General Reynolds captured a large force at Shell Mound, and took a camp on Falling Waters. Among the captured are the guerrilla Mays and the rebel Tennessee Congressman, Cannon. Little or no resistance was made. The rebels are reported to be in force at Rome and Cleveland, and along the Georgia State Railroad. General Burnside is in the region of Kingston, and will attack that place before long.

According to rebel accounts the fire upon Chattanooga was opened by General Wilder without giving notice to the citizens, and in consequence three ladies and two male citizens were killed. The enemy are busy in the city digging trenches to resist the assault. The mountains around have been penetrated by General Crook and found clear of rebels.

#### THE WAR IN ARKANSAS.

Our advices from Arkansas are important. Our forces under General Steele are reported at Duvall's Bluff, on the Arkansas River, fifty-four miles from Little Rock, while General Price, with 25,000 rebels, is at Bayou Metaire, a strong point on White River, fourteen miles above Duvall's Bluff. A great battle is expected to be fought here, and skirmishing is already going on. Duvall's Bluff is expected to be made our base of supplies, as it can be reached at all stages of water. Magruder is represented to have conscripted a force of 18,000 men in Southern Texas.

#### EXECUTION OF DESERTERS.

A terrible lesson to deserters was given at the head-quarters of the Army of the Potomac on 28th ult. Five men from Pennsylvania, all substitutes, who had deliberately deserted after being regularly put into service, were shot to death in presence of 25,000 spectators. Their names were George Kuhns, a Hanoverian; Charles Walker and Emil Lai, Prussians; John Felane and George Reinese, Italians. Two were Protestants, two Catholics, and one a Jew.

#### LEE'S WHEREABOUTS.

The best attainable information locates General Lee in Richmond, and his army scattered from the line of the Blue Ridge on the west to Port Royal, Rappahannock River on the east, and south as far as the line of the Virginia Central Railroad. His troops are so widely scattered, probably, to facilitate subsisting. General Ewell has the left; A. P. Hill the centre, lying on the railroad from Culpepper to Orange Court House; while Longstreet holds the extreme right, occupying the line of the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad. Cook's brigade of North Carolina troops occupies Fredericksburg. Jones's brigade of cavalry is said to have gone back to the Shenandoah Valley, and Robinson to Richmond. Stuart is still in command, but growing more and more unpopular. It is expected he will be relieved by Wade Hampton.

#### RECONNOISSANCE TOWARD RICHMOND.

The Federal cavalry expedition to Bottom's Bridge, which caused so much alarm in Richmond, was commanded by General Wistar, and was composed of parts of the First New York Mounted Rifles, Colonel Onderdonk, and the Fifth Pennsylvania Cavalry, Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis. The expedition left Williamsburg on the 26th, and pushed through New Kent Court House directly to Bottom's Bridge. At the latter place one rebel regiment of infantry, in rifle-pits, were found, who were supported by a squadron of cavalry. A charge was immediately made, and the rebel rifle-pits were carried and the rebels driven across the bridge, which they took up behind them. Our troops having accomplished the object of the expedition, returned to Yorktown.

#### OUR EXPEDITION UP THE WHITE RIVER.

A report forwarded by Admiral Porter describes the late naval expedition up the Red and White rivers as most successful, quantities of rebel stores having been destroyed, and the only two steamers the enemy had having been captured.

#### THE DRAFT HERE.

The draft was completed in this city on 27th ult., the full quota of conscripts having been drawn. The Board of Supervisors, at their meeting on 27th, passed an ordinance, which was signed by the Mayor, providing for the appropriation of two millions of dollars for the exemption of firemen, policemen, the militia, and the heads of families who may be dependent upon them for support.

#### NO DRAFT IN OHIO.

It is announced that no draft will be made in Ohio. Officers of the army sent home to secure drafted men are instructed to open recruiting stations for enlistments.

#### PEACE MOVEMENTS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

A late number of the Raleigh (North Carolina) *Standard* contains numerous reports of peace meetings throughout the State. The revolution there is fast ripening.

#### PROGRESS OF RECONSTRUCTION.

General Grant's order No. 50 declares that Tennessee and Kentucky, west of Tennessee River, are free from rebel forces, and bushwhacking and recruiting for the rebels therein will be rigorously punished. He recommends the people of Mississippi within his lines to return to their avocations; also that they recognize the freedom of slaves and pay them wages. The order makes provision for some of the more destitute of the rebel residents.

#### NEGRO REBEL TROOPS.

On the authority of rebel papers received at Morehead City, North Carolina, it is stated that Jeff Davis is about to adopt a measure which would indicate that he desires, to a certain extent, to anticipate Mr. Lincoln's emancipation proclamation. The report is that he will issue a call, by advice of the Governors of the Southern States, for half a million of negro troops, to whom their freedom will be guaranteed, and a bounty of fifty acres of land will be given at the expiration of the war.

#### THE PRESIDENT TO GENERAL GRANT.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, *July 13*, 1863.

*To Major-General Grant*:

MY DEAR GENERAL,—I do not remember that you and I ever met personally. I write this now as a grateful acknowledgment for the almost inestimable service you have done the country. I wish to say a word further. When you first reached the vicinity of Vicksburg, I thought you should do what you finally did—march the troops across the neck, run the batteries with the transports, and thus go below; and I never had any faith, except a general hope that you knew better than I, that the Yazoo Pass Expedition and the like could succeed. When you got below, and took Port Gibson, Grand Gulf, and vicinity, I thought you should go down the river and join General Banks; and when you turned northward, east of the Big Black, I feared it was a mistake. I now wish to make a personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong. Yours very truly, A. LINCOLN.

#### THE NEW GOVERNOR OF KENTUCKY.

Governor Bramlette was inaugurated as Governor of Kentucky on 1st inst. In his inaugural address he contends that the revolted States did not change their status by rebelling; that all that is necessary for them to do is to return to their fealty and take their position as States; that the rebellion did not remit them to a territorial state. He says we have now, and will have when the rebellion closes, the identical Constitution which extremists seek to destroy—the one by innovation, the other by force. It is not a restored Union, not a reconstructed Union, that Kentucky desires, but a preserved Union and a restored peace upon a constitutional basis. The Governor strongly objects to the arming of negro regiments, and asks what is to be done with such soldiers at the end of the war? He points to the result of the recent election as a proof that Kentucky will not fraternize with rebellion, either open or covert, and declares that Kentucky ever has been, and now is, and always will be, loyal to the Government of our fathers.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

### ENGLAND.

#### THE PIRATE "FLORIDA."

THE rebel pirate *Florida* has appeared in the Irish Channel, and worked her way cautiously up to Cork, after taking a pilot. She landed three persons in that city, who were supposed to be agents of the rebel government *en route* to London. Lying off the privateer communicated with several merchant vessels, and it was thought she was receiving supplies of war *materiel*. The *Florida* had a mast broken on her voyage from Bermuda. At the latest date she was lying to off Tuskar. A large quantity of silver, taken from the ship *Joseph Hoxie*, was landed by the privateer, under the name of "luggage."

#### MORE ANGLO-REBEL PIRATES.

It appears by a Plymouth paper that three British war vessels have been recently sold to a London company, nominally for the Mediterranean trade, but really for the rebel service in this country.

### POLAND.

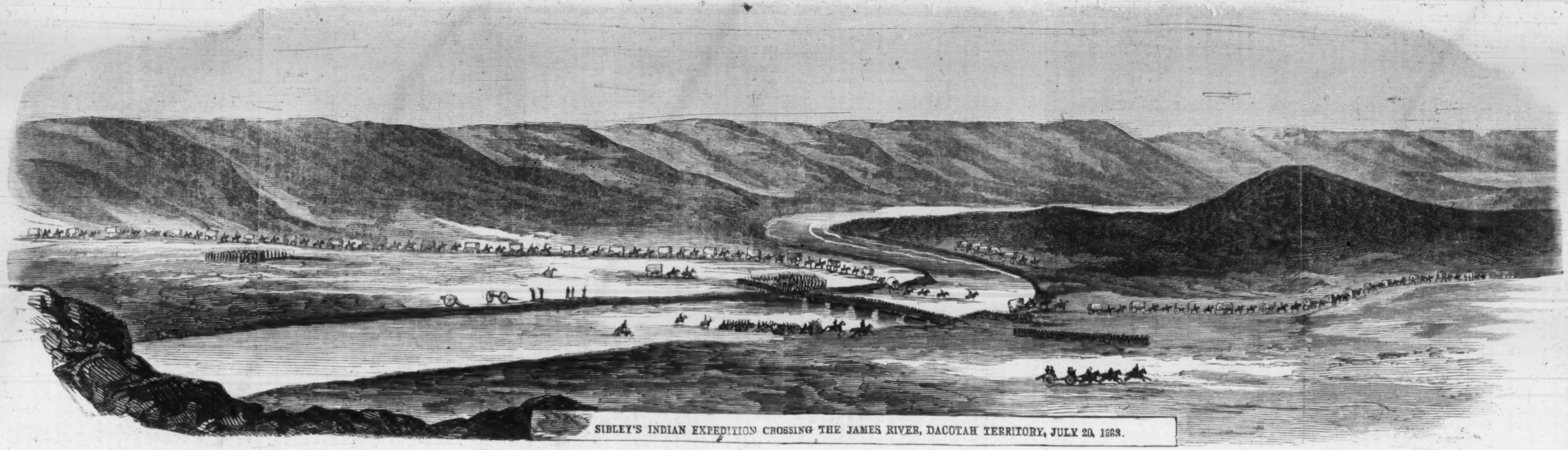
#### THE INSURRECTION.

The Polish insurrection continues to drag along with varying success to the belligerents. On the 15th of August a sanguinary conflict took place with the Russian forces, which lasted until night. At the commencement of the engagement the Poles were two hundred and fifty strong, of which number but thirty-six escaped.

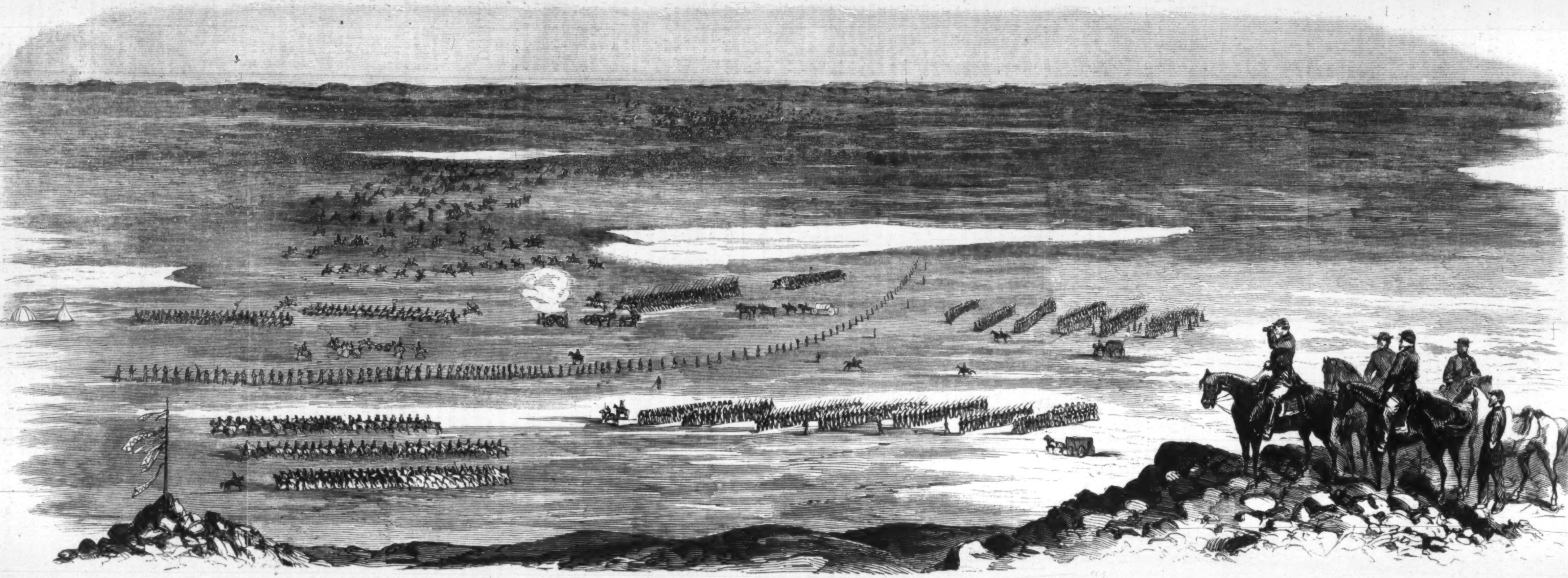
### MEXICO.

#### THE NEW EMPIRE.

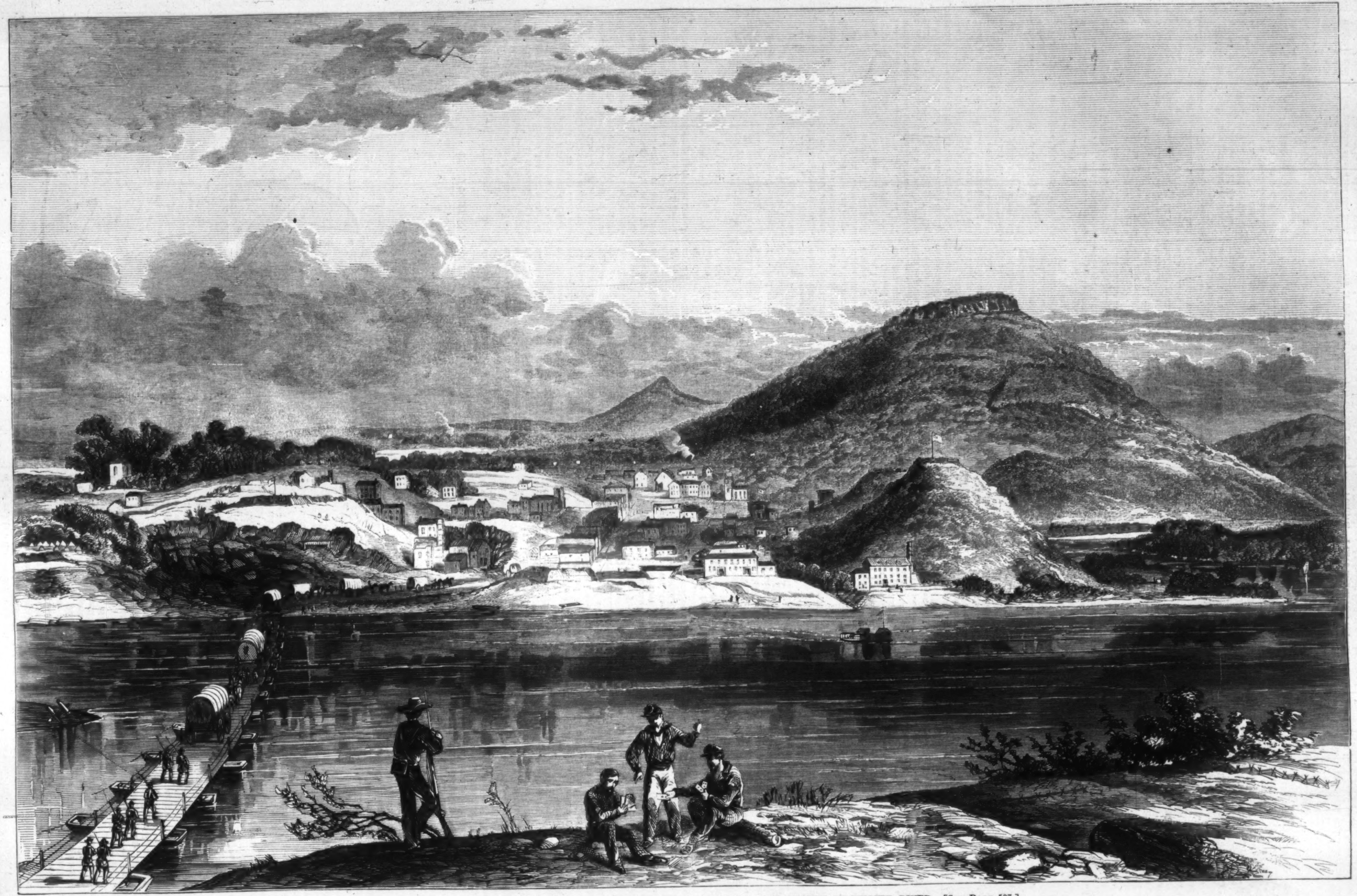
There appears to be no room for doubt that the Archduke Maximilian has accepted the throne of Mexico. The French Government is said to have sent instructions to Mexico revoking the measures relative to the sequestration of property of those who have taken up arms against the French. A blockade is also ordered, to extend from the Lagunes, ten leagues south of Matamoras, to Campeachy.



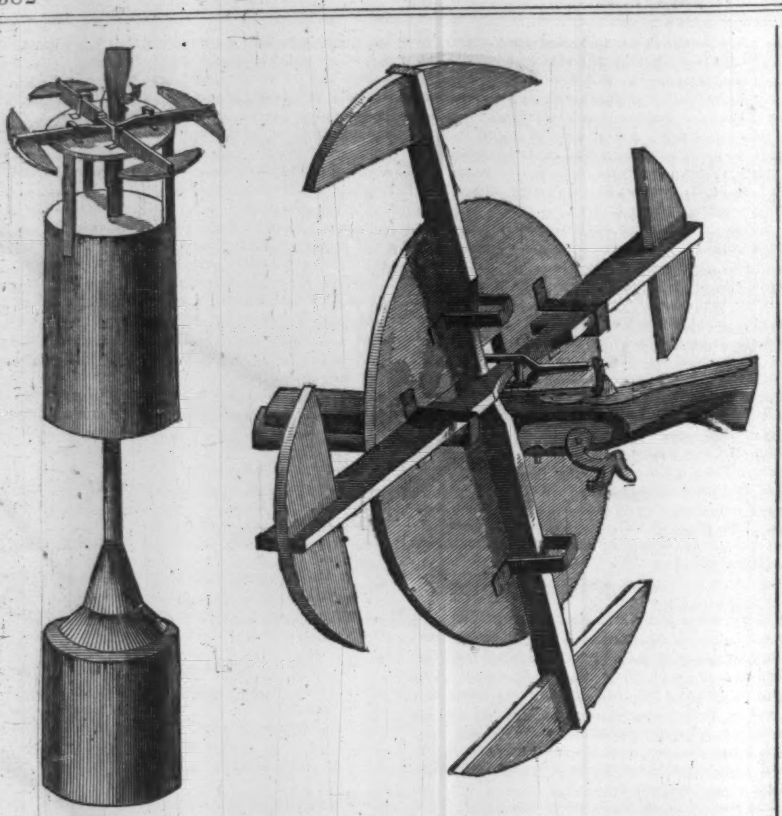
SIBLEY'S INDIAN EXPEDITION CROSSING THE JAMES RIVER, DACOTAH TERRITORY, JULY 20, 1863.



GEN. SIBLEY'S INDIAN EXPEDITION—PURSUING THE SIOUX OVER THE COTEAU DU MISSOURI, DACOTAH TERRITORY, AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE BIG HILLS, JULY 24, 1863.—SKETCHED BY GEO. H. ELSBURY, SEVENTH MINNESOTA VOLUNTEERS.—[SEE PAGE 587.]



VIEW OF THE CITY OF CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE, FROM THE NORTH SIDE OF THE TENNESSEE RIVER.—[SEE PAGE 587.]



REBEL TORPEDO, FROM STONO RIVER.

## REBEL TORPEDOES.

Above we give illustrations of a Rebel Torpedo sent down the Stono River, South Carolina, on the night of August 16. It consists, says our correspondent, who furnishes the sketches, "of two cylinders of tin, the upper one acting on a buoy, the lower containing sixty pounds of powder. These are connected by an iron tube, into which is placed an old smooth-bore musket with the stock sawed off. The detailed drawing shows the arrangement for setting it off. Ten of them were sent down in pairs, connected by about 250 feet of rope. One exploded under the *Pawnee's* stern, blowing her launch to pieces, and shaking the whole ship. Two others exploded near; two floated down to the bar and exploded there; two others went up Folly River on the flood tide, and were secured by the mortar-schooner *C. P. Williams*, from one of which the drawings have been made."

## A CRUEL CASE.

The years 1824–5–6 were periods of immense commercial activity. Unfortunately the basis of that unexampled and permanent prosperity was Paper—practically unlimited issues of bank promises to pay; and when the gigantic bubble burst in 1827 more than two-thirds of the English banks were overwhelmed, the Bank of England terribly shaken, and, according to Mr. Huskisson, the country was within four-and-twenty hours of a state of barter. That, however, could be no reason why Lovegold and Company should not profit as largely as possible by the impetus given to speculations of all kinds by "cheap" money. We *did* profit largely, and, as a firm, did not sustain much loss when the crash came. Mr. Pryse, my partner, was less fortunate—emerging from the chaos of 1827 with riven heart and dreadfully scorched fingers; altogether a distracted, and, it was really apprehended, a permanently "blighted being." He, however, survived the shock five-and-twenty years; but so burned into his brain were the incidents of the catastrophe that, when dying, at the early age of sixty, almost the last sentence he was heard to mutter was an incoherent stringing together of the words, "Cruel, treacherous woman!"—"Serk mines!"—and "That unhanged thief, Burroughs!" with which pestilent persons and projects my shamefully ill-used partner would have had no concern whatever but for the great paper prosperity.

I must preface the story of Mr. Pryse's shocking misadventure by remarking that, being really very good-looking, he believed himself to be an Adonis, whose fascinations few women could resist. This, I must do him the justice to say, was his only considerable weakness. To that inordinate vanity it was owing that he was still a bachelor at five-and-thirty—he not having up to that time met with a lady whose attractions in person, purse, and pedigree balanced his own merits. Not one of the three requisites—beauty, fortune, birth (he was a great stickler for birth)—could possibly be dispensed with; and it was precisely with these three baits that the Father of Mischief angled for and hooked my partner.

Mr. Kenneth Temple was a gentleman approaching middle age, who, on the death of his father, Sir Willoughby Temple, would come into possession of large entailed estates, and, on the decease of an aunt, would be entitled to a reversion of over forty thousand pounds. Both father and aunt were not only aged, but ailing persons; so, having assured ourselves beyond a doubt of that cardinal fact, we accommodated Mr. Temple to a large sum on the usual terms, he being a fast gentleman, for whom the very handsome income allowed by his father was wholly insufficient. In 1825 Sir Willoughby died; a few months afterward the aunt departed this life, and the new baronet was a very wealthy man. His account with us was liberally settled, and, strange to say—at least it appeared strange to us—Sir Kenneth was no sooner possessed of immense wealth than a passion for adding, still adding, to the heap grew upon him. His mode of living became parsimonious, while he dived unhesitatingly into the whirlpool of reckless speculation—South American loans, bubble companies—and, wonderful to say, always emerged with plunder. He had conceived an exalted opinion of Mr. Pryse's judgment in such matters, and was, in consequence, often at our office. I altogether disapproved of such ventures, and constantly refused to be in any wise an agent for the purchase or sale of shares, or to permit the funds of the firm to be invested in such schemes. My partner nibbled to the extent of a few thousands on his own private account, and made money thereby. Pryse was not a man to venture out of his depth, and I had no fear that he would in the end—sooner or later as that might come—be a large loser.

One of the unlucky dabblers was Major Burroughs, a relation of Sir Kenneth Temple. He had put all his eggs in one basket—that basket being the Serk Silver Mining Company. Serk is an island in the Channel, not very distant, I believe, from Guernsey, in which silver had been found. The real or pretended discovery was skillfully puffed, and a company for working the new Peru quickly formed, with a (paper) capital of one hundred thousand pounds. The concocters of the scheme were lucky enough to catch at least one *bona fide* share buyer, Major Burroughs, whose gullibility was so absolute that he not only invested in the company the whole of his capital, about fifteen thousand pounds, but did the same with the proceeds of the sale of his commission. At one time, I believe, the shares were at a premium, but the fall had been so rapid and constant that, at the commencement of 1827, the quotations were nominal—no real business in them being possible. In that unpleasant state of things Sir Kenneth Temple was solicited by his kinsman for an advance upon the shares. He declined the request, but, naturally desirous of obliging a relative, introduced Major Burroughs to Mr. Pryse; nor did he scruple to attempt serving that gentleman by volunteering a confident opinion that Serk Silver Mine shares would command a premium when the project was more fully understood. He himself had his hands just then completely full, but perhaps Mr. Pryse would advance two or three thousand pounds upon the said securities. Mr. Pryse begged to be excused, and the negotiation, if such it could be called, fell through.

The unfortunate major, a general of very insinuating address, by-the-way, being at his wit's end for want of cash, came to us one day, and informed us of that dreary fact. After which promising prelude, he asked if Lovegold and Company would discount his acceptance at six months for two hundred pounds. He would not haggle about interest and commission. We did not for a moment imagine he would. Cent. per cent. per annum would simply have made him a present of two hundred pounds. The liberal offer was declined with thanks, but I intimated that if his relative Sir Kenneth would lend his name there would be no difficulty. Major Burroughs thereupon left, and, knowing the baronet, I expected to hear no more of the matter. I was mistaken. To my great surprise the major returned with a note from his relative, guaranteeing payment at maturity of the major's acceptance for two hundred pounds. The applicant got the money and went away rejoicing. Shortly afterward the baronet called.

"You are probably surprised I did not lend Burroughs the money myself," said Sir Kenneth.

"Not in the least; you intend that if the necessity arise, the screw should be put on in our names, not yours."

"Right. Still, as far as a few hundred pounds go, there is not much risk. His orphan niece, Miss Vandeleur, who will in a few months come of age and into the uncontrolled possession of fifty thousands pounds, would not suffer him to be troubled; for to her it is a mere bagatelle, prudent beyond her years as she is said to be. I think," continued the baronet, with some hesitation—"I think I might venture to guarantee for five hundred pounds. Burroughs, a good fellow in his way, has, I think, no other very enormous vice but that of poverty. Still, it is as well to be cautious. Miss Vandeleur is expected in town very shortly; I will confer with her respecting a loan to her uncle. It will signify nothing that she has not attained her majority. Her word will amply suffice. I am really anxious to assist Burroughs, if I can do so safely."

Nothing more was said at the time, but a few days subsequently we received a note from Sir Kenneth, in which it was stated that Miss Vandeleur had arrived in town, and was staying with her uncle and guardian, Major Burroughs. She had promised to see the baronet harmless to the extent of one thousand pounds, which sum accordingly, inclusive of the two hundred already advanced, he, Sir Kenneth, guaranteed to repay us should the major make default. As it was, however, feared that Burroughs had contracted a habit of gaming upon a large scale whenever he had the means of gratifying that ruinous propensity, the eight hundred pounds should be handed to him by installments not exceeding one hundred pounds per month. Miss Vandeleur would reside at the hotel with her uncle during her probably long stay in town, and being with him would naturally much increase his personal expenses. This was one of her reasons for assisting him with the loan, and he would be distinctly informed that her guarantee would not go beyond the thousand pounds. The note concluded with an intimation that the baronet was about to start immediately for Paris, and would be some time absent from Paris.

I casually remarked that Miss Vandeleur appeared to be a strict young lady in money matters. Pryse thought it likely that the "prudence" was the baronet's rather than hers, he being desirous of not taking any one's "moral" guarantee for a larger sum than that stipulated for. My partner added that the Vandeleurs were a family that had flourished for many centuries in Norfolk.

The major was fiercely eager to obtain the whole sum at once in a lump—a request which of course could not be complied with, pressing as his necessities might be; and he left the office in high dudgeon.

His anger with us did not long endure. The very next day he returned, and accompanied by Miss Vandeleur herself. I was gone out. Pryse saw them; and the result of a lengthened conference was, that my partner advanced the eight hundred pounds.

"The young lady," said Pryse, his handsome phiz glowing with pleasurable emotion—"the young lady, a most beauteous, fascinating person, urged compliance with the major's request as a favor to herself, regretting that the rigorous conditions of her father's will compelling the trustees not to overstep by one shilling the annual sum paid to her, precluded her from presenting him with the money herself. Favor, indeed!" continued Pryse; "Miss Vandeleur conferred an obligation by enabling me to oblige her by the advance of such a trifling sum. The major," added Pryse, stroking his curly whiskers, and glancing with evident satisfaction at an opposite mirror—"the major has invited me to dine with him and Miss Vandeleur to-morrow at Claridge's."

"Whew! The deuce! No wonder you are so cock-a-hoop. Youth, beauty, fifty thousand pounds, eh? Such a change of partners would be something like a hit."

"Nonsense! Miss Vandeleur is a match for a lord."

"True enough; but girlhood is capricious, willful; and, seriously, if I were such a handsome young fellow as Francis Pryse—you can make up or down to forty and twenty—I should try it on, if I could but have a chance."

Pryse was not the man to neglect such a chance. There might have been something in the young lady's manner which inspired hope in an excessively vain heart. At all events, for the remainder of that day, and the whole of the next, Pryse was in a state of nervous fidget, and committed such extraordinary blunders that it was quite a relief when he left, swelling like a turkey-cock, to array himself for the important occasion.

Instead of subsiding during the next week into his ordinary common-sense self, Pryse soared, expanded into such a state of sublimation and importance that I was obliged to request that, for the reputation of the office as a place of sober business, he should keep away till he could descend from the regions of fancy to those of fact. He said it might be as well to do so as he really felt unfit for business. He added, with some confusion of manner:

"I shall be glad if you will dine with us to-morrow evening."

"With us! Who's us?"

"Major Burroughs, Julia, and myself."

"Julia! Upon my word, you must have gone the pace to have arrived at that point already. Of course, Julia stands for Miss Vandeleur?"

"Who else could I mean? You will dine with us?"

"I have no objection. Is the thing settled?"

"No, oh no! in fact," he continued, with a sort of embarrassment—"in fact, spite of the whisperings of vanity—of which it would be folly to deny I have a full share—the prize, so suddenly, strangely tendered for my acceptance—it really comes to that, or appears to do so—is so brilliant a one, so immeasurably beyond what I have a right to expect, that I should like a cooler head than mine to survey the situation, so that I do not make a fool of myself, or—or be made one by others."

"I will make good use of eyes and ears. You are sure about the fifty thousand pounds?"

"Positive. I have myself read the will at Doctors' Commons. At present quotations, the money in the funds would realize considerably more than fifty thousand pounds. Miss Vandeleur comes into absolute possession on the 8th of November next, upon which day she will attain her majority. Till then she can not marry without the consent in writing of her uncle, Major Burroughs; should she do so, the moiety of her fortune goes to a female cousin."

"If he should interpose adversely, it is not so long till November."

"Far too long! A slip 'twixt cup and lip must not be hazarded. I have even a suspicion that Sir Kenneth Temple himself may enter the lists upon his return from Paris. Major Burroughs must be conciliated."

"It is generally easy enough to win over a needy man."

"Just so. Fifty thousand pounds will allow of offering a handsome *douceur*. But it is folly to count chickens in the egg. Do not fail to-morrow evening. Dinner will be served at six precisely."

I dined with the major, his niece, and enraptured partner, and afterward accompanied them to the play. Miss Vandeleur was really a charming, positively beautiful young lady, and Pryse was as earnestly, deeply in love as so personally vain a man could be. The fascinating Julia, too, was evidently pleased with her conquest. There would, I was sure, be no difficulty in that quarter. Such a lucky dog was Francis Pryse!

Emboldened by my opinion, Pryse waited the next day upon Major Burroughs, and proposed for the hand of Miss Vandeleur in form. He was kindly received, and his interview with the uncle-guardian was not more interesting than decisive.

The major having listened with benignant sympathy to the lover's protestations of admiration, affection, disinterestedness, replied that, for himself, he held a city capitalist, already rich, and in the way to realize a colossal fortune, as a far more eligible match for his niece than any of the aristocratic foplings by whom she was literally besieged. "But," continued Major Burroughs, "another consideration presents itself at the outset. I, as you, Mr. Pryse, well know, am beset, nearly overwhelmed with pecuniary difficulties; and, not to beat about the bush when talking to a man of the world, I must be handsomely paid for giving my written consent to your union with my niece. If you demur to a proposition so reasonable, wait till Julia shall be of age, which is to say, make up your mind to lose her; for though I care little for birth myself, did the Vandeleur family once suspect that such a marriage was on the *tapis*, they would move heaven and earth to avert such a calamitous disgrace, as they would feel it to be, from their ancient house; and they would succeed. You have personally found favor with Julia, but you see how impressionably flexile she is. She would yield to the importunities of her relatives, and in all probability be persuaded to give her hand to Sir Kenneth Temple. The baronet, if you marry my niece, will be in an awful rage with me," added the major; "but for that I do not care one pinch of snuff. He is a mean skin-flint, to whom I am under no obligation."

Mr. Pryse admitted that to be true, and gingerly inquired at what figure Major Burroughs would rate his written consent to the marriage, supposing that of Miss Vandeleur was obtained.

"I have sounded Julia," said the major, "and am confident she will be implicitly guided by me. Now to business: you know that I have invested my all in Serk Silver Mine shares. I propose that you relieve me of them at the price I paid!"

"Your Serk Silver Mine shares!" exclaimed Pryse. "Give fifteen thousand seven hundred pounds in exchange for shares in the Serk Mining Company!"

"Pardon me. For the Serk Mining shares, Julia Vandeleur, and fifty thousand pounds. I don't think my niece would feel herself much flattered if she witnessed her admirer's hesitation to close with such a bargain."

The major having evidently said his last word, Pryse necessarily acquiesced, and that important preliminary settled, the lover was conducted to the lady, by whom his suit was granted with blushing tenderness. At his urgent request she graciously fixed upon the following Thursday week as the "happy day."

Miss Vandeleur had a perfect mania for jewels and other expensive finery. Daily—hourly—frightful bills were sent to the office from jewelers, goldsmiths, drapers, milliners, dress-makers, and other trades-people who contribute to bridal outfits. I remember that Pryse on one day signed fourteen heavy checks, twisting and groaning, poor fellow, under each infliction, as if his jaw teeth were being wrenched away, and muttering savagely the while, "Good Heavens! dreadful! but it can't last. It's impossible! Another bill! She'll empty all the shops in London! What a dreadful propensity!" and the like.

There was, however, no drawing back, and Pryse was fain to seek consolation by reflecting that even at the awful rate of expenditure actually going on, supposing it to last till the bridal eve, the dowry of his wife would still amount to twenty-five thousand pounds at least. Her jewels were property, if those devilish shares were not. Still fears and doubtings shook him; and though I had steadily refused to advise him either for or against the marriage, I could not refrain, upon seeing such a torrent of extravagant demands pour in, to ask if he were really sure about the will—was the bequest absolute? was there no contingency—no chance of its being upset in a court of law by enraged relatives? His face changed to the hue of stone at the shocking suggestion, and before the words were well out of my mouth he had seized his hat and sped off like a shot to Doctors' Commons. He was gone some time, and returned in a much less perturbed state of mind, bringing a copy of the will with him. It was very short, expressed with clearness, and I agreed that there could be no dispute about the validity of the bequest to Miss Vandeleur. My positive dictum reassured him, and he drew a check for a fresh claim, without exhibiting such violent symptoms of colic as before.

The wedding was a very private one, and a few hours after its celebration the bride and bridegroom set off on their marriage tour, which it was arranged should last a month.

Considerably before the honey-moon had waned the commercial storm broke with terrific violence, and, thanks to great caution, Lovegold and Company were not in actual danger. It was a time of extreme anxiety, and I wrote to Pryse, requesting him to return immediately. He readily complied, leaving his wife with a dependent female relative, who had joined them a few days before. Mrs. Pryse had been seized with sudden though not at all dangerous illness, which incapacitated her from immediately setting out on the long journey to England. Mr. Pryse, who was in exultant spirits, "the happiest man in England," set to work with alacrity, and, I rejoiced to find, was again the sound, sensible man of business.

On the third or fourth day after his arrival Sir Kenneth Temple walked into the office, looking exceedingly glum and stern, and, as it struck me, eying Pryse with an expression of derisive displeasure. He had, no doubt, heard of the marriage, and we were about to have a scene.

"So, Mr, Pryse," said the baronet, "you have bought, at the full nominal price, Major Burroughs's solicitor informs me, those Serk Mine shares. I did not think you such an arrant blockhead! Why, they neither are, nor ever will be, worth a button!"

"Have the kindness, Sir Kenneth Temple," retorted Pryse, with spirit—"have the kindness, Sir Kenneth Temple, to use the language of a gentleman when addressing one. Did the solicitor tell you nothing more?" added he, with a sneer.

"He did not tell me any thing more, but he placed this newspaper in my hand. Pray, did you cause the insertion of this insolent paragraph?"

"What paragraph? Read it, and I will tell you."

The baronet complied, and read aloud the following announcement:

"Married, at St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden, by special license, on the 15th instant, Francis Pryse, Esquire, of Regent's Park and Lombard Street, to Julia, the only surviving daughter of the late Mordaunt Vandeleur, Esquire, of Oak Hall, Norfolk. Immediately after the solemnization of the marriage the happy pair left for the Continent."

"I *did* order the insertion of that paragraph. In what way does it concern Sir Kenneth Temple?"

"How does it concern me? Why, what the devil does it mean? How dare you, in ribald jest, associate your plebeian name with that of my relative, Miss Vandeleur?"

"How dare *you* address such words to me? Leave the office! Were it not that you are a distant relative of the lady mentioned in the newspaper paragraph I would turn you out by force. Your relative, Miss Vandeleur that was, is now Mrs. Pryse."

The baronet turned bewilderingly to me: "What does the fellow mean?"

"The meaning is plain enough, Sir Kenneth Temple. The marriage, I can understand, may be distasteful to you; but it is not the less true that Miss Vandeleur, who, when you left London, was staying with her uncle, Major Burroughs, was married, as the paper states, with the major's written consent. The lady is now on her way home from Paris."

"Miss Vandeleur your partner's wife, and now on her way home from Paris! What devil's dance has Burroughs been leading you? I dined with Miss Vandeleur yesterday and the day before at the Clarendon, and saw her this morning about two hours since."

The effect of this speech upon myself and my partner may be imagined. I sprang to my feet in dismay and alarm; Pryse sat motionless, transfixed, speechless, staring with wild terror at the baronet.

"This is a sorry jest!" I exclaimed, affecting a doubt I did not feel; "I myself visited Miss Vandeleur at Claridge's, and witnessed her marriage with Mr. Pryse."

"At Claridge's! Miss Vandeleur has never been at Claridge's. She has been all along, and is now, stopping at the Clarendon. Claridge's! Let me remember. Was the young lady palmed upon you as Miss Vandeleur a remarkably pretty blonde, with wavy golden hair, blue eyes, a charming figure, and medium height, who sings 'Auld Robin Gray' delightfully?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Then, by Heavens, Burroughs has tricked your partner into marrying Mary Somers, a lady's maid, whom Miss Vandeleur dismissed a few months ago for dishonesty. The shameless scoundrel! But he—"

Poor Pryse, utterly beside himself, sprang up and leaped at Sir Kenneth with the bound of a tiger. "Liar! liar! infernal liar!" he screamed; "I will crush the accursed lie in your throat!" and had the convulsive force he suddenly put forth lasted but a few minutes, he would certainly have gone nigh to throttle the baronet. As it was, his grasp relapsed as he dropped, with a shudder and groan, insensible on the floor.

I had him carried into a back room, and, leaving him in careful hands, returned to Sir Kenneth.

"What an infernal trick!" exclaimed the baronet, before I could speak. "The marriage is, of course, null and void; but the loss of fifteen thousand pounds is frightful!"

"The loss is much greater than that. He purchased jewels for the devilish minx to an immense amount! He loved her, too, with passion. The blow will kill him! Where is that villain Burroughs?"

"Drowned, or landed in America. He sailed from London on the 16th of last month; by Jove! the day after the mock marriage! If he were in the country, however, it is my belief you could do nothing with him. The purchase of the shares was effected, I am told, in the regular way. How could you fall into so gross a trap?"

"In some degree through your fault. You told us that Miss Vandeleur was staying at a hotel with her uncle, Major Burroughs. How could we suspect a gentleman of family—of, as far as we knew, unblemished reputation—of perpetrating such an atrocious crime?"

"It is an atrocious crime, and I am sincerely grieved for poor Pryse; but let us be just. Miss Vandeleur's fifty thousand pounds must have had a potent influence in dazzling and blinding the acute perception of such a man as he. However, what is done is done. The loss won't break his back. Good-by!"

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## DOOMED TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

You saw that he was doomed to disappointment—in the drooping eyelid, in the raised eyebrow, in the seamed forehead, in the shrugged shoulders. You saw it every where about him. Melancholy had marked him for his own as distinctly as small-pox—he was, so to speak, pitted with melancholy. Poor fellow! he was a disappointed man.

And what particular line had disappointment taken in his case? Why, if you asked him, he would tell you that he had been disappointed in every mortal thing. Disappointment dogged his footsteps like a blood-hound, and had done so ever since he was born. He was disappointed in his very cradle. Nay, he was an incarnate disappointment, for he was not only a disappointed man himself, but he had been a disappointment to all who were connected with him. He was a disappointment to his mother, who had wished him to be a girl, and to his maternal grandmother, who had expressed a desire that he should be twins; to his father, who had made up his mind that he would be clever, and to his uncle, who had cherished the hope that he would be six feet high. It was, he supposed, plain to every body that he was not a girl, nor a pair of twins, nor six feet high; and as to being clever, he could take his solemn oath that he was not that. But was that his fault? No, of course it wasn't. He had not the choice of sex or height. If he'd had any voice in the matter, he'd have been twins, because, then, surely one of him would have got on in the world: but pshaw!

Would he mind stating how he had been disappointed?

Why, in every thing that a man could be disappointed in, of course.

Well, but in what? Had he been disappointed in his—ambition, say?

Hadn't he? The extent of his ambition was a small farm, at a moderate distance from town, and near a railway station; and had he got it? No, of course he hadn't.

Well, in what else? Had he been disappointed in friendship?

In friendship! Don't talk of it. He could not bear it. In friendship, indeed! He supposed that if a man took up a person, and wore him next his heart, and kept from him neither his personal property nor his personal history, and this person were to abscond, and betray the confidence reposed in him, with regard to the dearest secrets of one's heart, the tenderest emotions of one's nature, the respectability and private history of one's relations—not to mention a pair of sugar-tongs, a silver tankard, the Lord knows how much money, two hundred dollars at least—all of which articles he had been totally unable to recover, though he had brought the case before a judge, who was as blind as Justice to the rights and wrongs of the matter; and before a jury, who were as deaf as adders to the voice of reason and common-sense—he supposed that, after that, a man might be excused for vowing that, for the future, the world should not be his friend, nor the world's law, and for turning his back upon the viper forever.

Ah! very disappointing conduct, truly. But was that the extent of his disappointments? Had he—

Oh! don't ask him. What was the good of reopening old wounds? He had been the victim of disappointment not only in great matters, such as ambition and friendship, but in those smaller things, to lose which was to lose, so to speak, the ices and the lemonade of life.

What did he mean?

Why, he supposed it was plain enough what he meant.

Would he explain?

Well, he had explained, hadn't he? Or if he hadn't, he didn't know how to explain it better.

Would he give an example, then?

Well, you know, the kind of thing he meant was this. If you asked a boy what was about the most delightful thing he had ever seen, he would most probably answer, his first play. Well, you know, that was one of his disappointments.

How did he make that out?

Why, he supposed that if a boy were to be taken to a theatre for the first time, and if, after sitting for half an hour, anticipating the most rapturous pleasure when the curtain rose, were to find ten minutes after it rose that the house was on fire, and then had to be dragged to a window by his relatives, and compelled to slip for some hundred yards down a fire-escape, and, when he reached the bottom, to be handed out like a parcel by a fireman, and turned loose into a crowd of dirty people till he was lost, and then had to be taken home ignominiously by a policeman, with the conviction all the while that he was looked upon by every one he met in the light of a person whose crimes had brought him within the grasp of the law—he supposed that that might be considered a disappointment, a serious disappointment.

Oh! that was granted, was it? Well, then, perhaps it would also be granted that if a boy whose dream for years had been a pony had at last been presented with one by a treacherous relative, who, to gain some mean end, had taken care that the pony should be an unbroken one; and if, directly the boy mounted, the rampant animal had stood perpendicular for full two minutes, making such extraordinary gestures with its fore-legs that the only conclusion to come to was that it fancied it was delivering a political speech; and if, after what, to judge from its action, must have been an amazingly eloquent peroration, it had taken the bit between its teeth, and bolted for two miles; and if the beast had chosen to stop exactly opposite the house where the queen of this boy's affections resided, and had then and there rolled—perhaps it would be granted that this was also a disappointment, eh! something like a disappointment.

Well, both those cases had been his own; nor were they the worst that he could relate. Disappointment dogged him wherever he went, dropping bitters into the cup of pleasure, and stripping the gilt off the gingerbread of life. Why, what was that, the song of poets, and the theme of romancers, to which youth looked forward with rapture, and which age looked back upon with fond regret? Why, the first kiss of love, of course. Well, there he was done again. Yes, disappointment was beside him there once more. How was he to be always keeping in mind that Amelia was weak in the chest, and that there was a leaning toward consumption in the family? Who can remember those things always?

What had Amelia's weak chest got to do with the first kiss of love?

Why, every thing in the world, or else he supposed he shouldn't have mentioned it. What was the good of asking absurd questions like that? Why could not he be allowed to tell his tale as he liked, instead of being put through a kind of catechism, as if he were a charity child? It cost him pain enough to tell the tale at all, goodness knew. What had Amelia's weak chest got to do with it? Why, if it hadn't been for that, he might perhaps have been a very different creature to what we saw him. That sunken cheek might have been plump, that eye gay and lively, that heart and that voice alike unbroken. He might have been— But it was useless speculating on impossibilities. Amelia had a weak chest, and that was all about it; that was why she always wore two veils when the wind was cold; and, when they were out walking together, used commonly to keep her handkerchief pressed to her mouth, so that her part of the conversation was carried on in a singularly muffled, not to say husky, tone of voice. But the voice of love is always sweet; and though to the passer-by there might seem nothing attractive in those half-smothered accents, yet, to the lover, his mistress's voice, even when hoarse, discoursed the sweetest harmonies. Now, he must say he thought that after a fellow had been formally accepted, per letter (for a proposal by word of mouth was, he candidly confessed, more than he dared venture upon), by the girl, and after his proposals had been entertained and agreed to in a solemn and unspeakably horrible interview by the family, he must say he thought that a mother with any good feeling would have seen the propriety of sometimes leaving the parties most interested in the affair alone together. But did Amelia's mother do so? Did she act with that propriety? Not a bit of it. The persistent way in which that woman sat and stared at them was shameful. How was a fellow to make love, he should like to know, when he felt that he was being stared at all the while as if he were acting in a play? For his part, he was one of those people who found love a difficult enough thing to make under the most favorable circumstances, but found the manufacture of the article quite impossible under inspection—especially under the inspection of a neutral woman, who was in all probability drawing invidious comparisons between his behavior and the conduct, when similarly situated, of Amelia's father, deceased, a man of rude and violent bearing. And then, again, was it likely to do him any good, or make him any the more at his ease, to overhear that woman mentioning him, Amelia's intended husband, to her daughter as a young man of, she dared to say, very good principles, but sadly wanting in fire? Household duties did occasionally, of course, call that woman away for a few minutes—that Medusa, whose unblushing stare had the power of turning him in this manner into stone; but, even then, what security could a man feel with a glass door in the room? Ah! he had felt for years before that disappointment had laid its cold hand upon his shoulder, but never had he felt the icy chill of that fell touch so acutely as on that Sunday afternoon when, that woman having gone to church, and Amelia and himself being alone in the drawing-room, the love which was burning in his heart rose supreme, and passing his arm round her waist, he was about to taste the nectar of her lips, when he perceived on the glass door three white spots, arranged in a pyramidal form—the noses of Amelia's two little brothers and that of their nurse, all livid from intense pressure.

When Amelia and he walked out together they certainly were alone; but he was bound to say that Amelia's inclinations, as a rule, led her to shops, and how was he to go kissing her in the front of shops, and in the eye of the world? It was out of the question—quite out of the question. Disappointment, as he thought he had mentioned once or twice before, was evidently his portion, and there was nothing for it but to endure patiently.

But did he then never kiss Amelia? Did he quietly yield without an effort? If so, the case was surely less one of disappointment than of neglected opportunity.

No! he had not yielded without an effort.

Then he had kissed her?

Well, no! He did not think it could be said that he had kissed her.

Then, perhaps, she had boxed his ears when he tried—eh?

On the contrary, she had borne it like a lamb. The fact was—his nerves had never quite got over the shock—but the fact was, that one fine frosty day he had persuaded Amelia, who had wrapped up carefully, and taken all the precautions that her delicate health required, to leave the streets and shops which in general were the scene of their walks, and to ramble with him in the country. So good an opportunity of sealing his love upon her lips was not to be lost. The bright sunny day, the cold clear air, seemed for once to dispel the clouds of melancholy which usually hung about him like the clouds about the top of Snowdon, and to leave his brow open and free from care, like the summit of the same mountain on one of those rare occasions when it condescends to reveal itself to the eyes of the fortunate traveler. Amelia's hand was on his arm, Amelia's voice was in his ear, Amelia's crinoline rasped his legs, keeping the fact of her sweet presence constantly in his thoughts. Every thing that could gladden his heart and rouse his courage was at hand, and, upon his life! his heart was glad, and his courage roused accordingly.

"Amelia," he had exclaimed, with all his overpowering affection gleaming in his eyes, and trembling on his lips—"Amelia, this is a delicious morning!"

Amelia thought the same.

"A morning that makes all the better and nobler feelings of our nature rise to the surface, purifies the air, and kills the slugs."

Amelia quite concurred in this opinion, but pitied the slugs.

"Amelia," he continued, his courage rising still higher as he proceeded—"Amelia, I love you."

Amelia supposed he did, as he'd asked her to marry him; at least, if he didn't, it was a great shame.

If he didn't! The moment he had longed for was evidently approaching. He squeezed her hand—she returned the pressure. He put his arm round her waist—she did not repel him. He caught her to his breast—she seemed rather to like it. The moment was come! He hurled away his umbrella, raised the two veils with all the impetuosity of his nature, and pressed his glowing lips upon—a respirator! yes, by all that's horrible, a respirator!

Now wasn't that enough to make a man run wildly across country, whither he knew not, nor cared to know? And was there cause for surprise, that when he came to himself he found that he was sitting alone by the side of a pond, attaching a heavy brickbat to one end of his handkerchief? But better feelings prevailed.

And was not that something like a disappointment?

Well, really! We were obliged to confess that it certainly was.

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## FOR US.

For us was said the parting word that drew the tender strings
Of life to tension of such pain 'twere less if they could part;
For us the dark thought "nevermore," drew up its shadowy wings,
And settled like the fateful bird that tore Prometheus' heart.

For us the look behind that brought a mist before the sight,
Like veils we spread o'er faces loved before the coffin close;
For us the laying down of joy, the taking up of right,
To bear it onward like a flag through steel-set ranks of foes.

For us the weary, foot-sore march, the sentry's lonely round,
Companioned by night's ideal dreads that e'en may shake the bold;
For us the ghostly-wild alarm—the long roll's wakening sound,
And mustered, grim ranks moving off to danger's spectral hold.

For us the face to face with death that strikes the bravest pale,
The hoarse command from lips firm set to hide the fluttering heart,
The rush into the horrid storm of fire and iron hail,
Whose drops on brow and breast leave closed ranks wide apart.

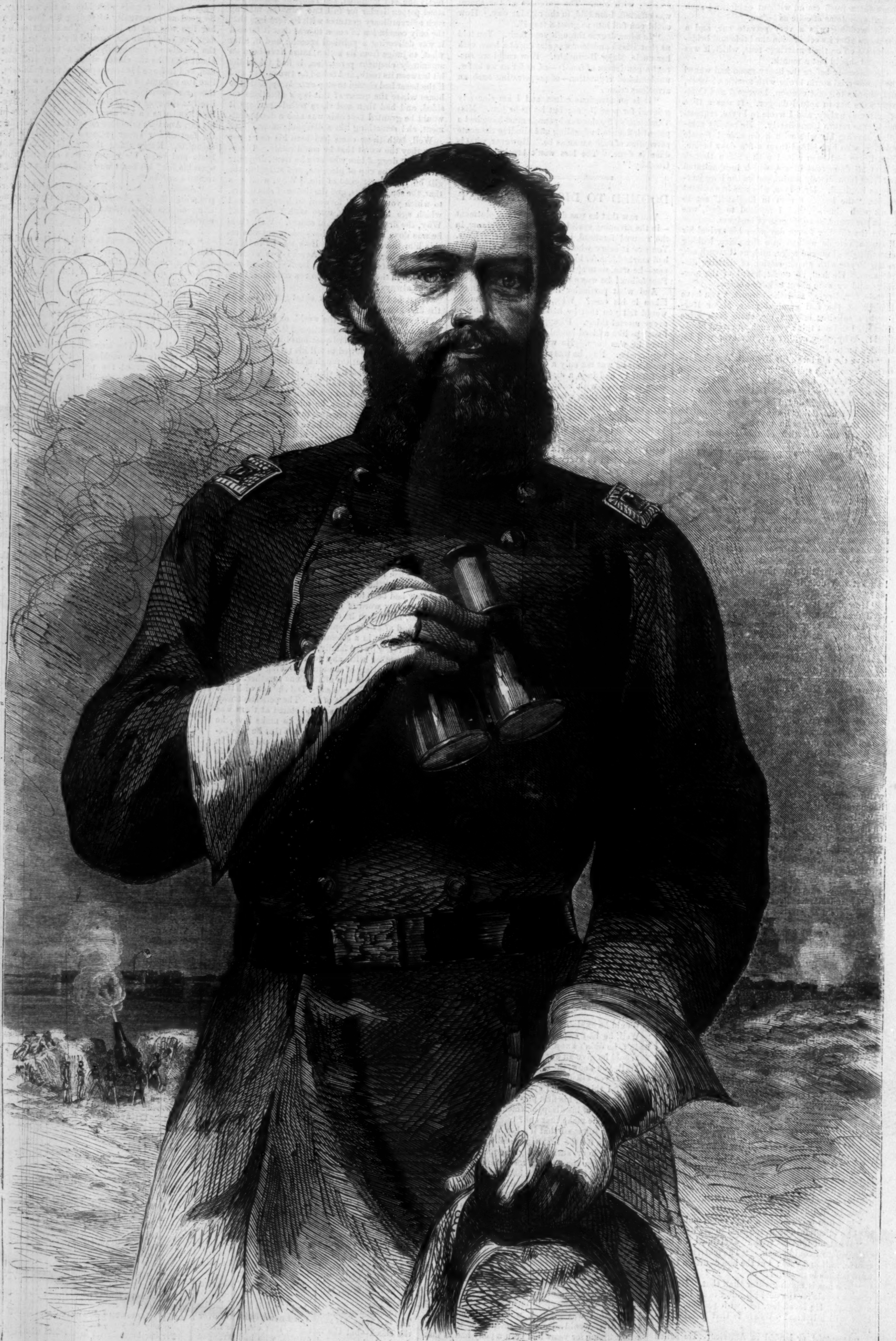
For us the frequent silence when the roll is called at morn—
The silence folding household names that shall be heard no more,
And the sad look in tearless eyes that tells a comrade borne
To darkness from our lovely world amid the battle's roar.

For us the shallow trench is dug along the trampled sod,
And manly forms, oh! how beloved, are hid in death's eclipse,
Their brown or yellow beards stained with the hues of blood,
And clay upon their faces pale where once were loving lips.

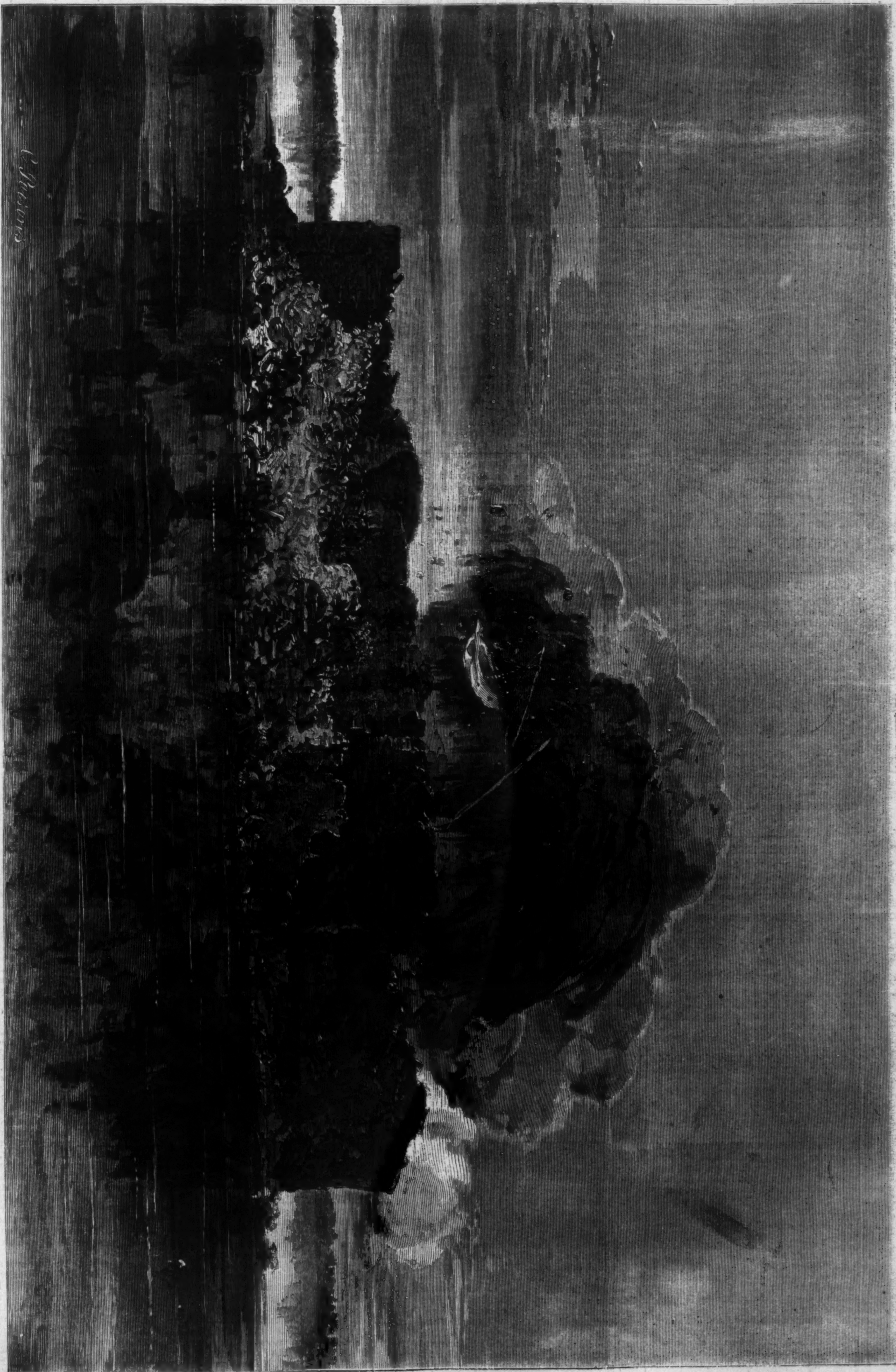
All, all for us; we sit and smile to see our children play,
And our still smile is golden light to soft eyes close beside;
We wake in white enfolding arms unto a blissful day;
We join the dance, we drain the wine, we ring the happy bride.

They sow the deathly battle-field, and spill life's precious wine
That we may gather ripest sheaves, and grapes of purple hue;
Theirs is the early frost, the storm that leaves a withered vine,
That ours may be the latter rains, the store-increasing dew.

Thanks, thanks, and blessings, deep and full as human heart may be,
For those who give us life's bright gold, accepting iron thus;
And prayers to wait before God's throne throughout eternity
For our brave heroes in the field who fight and die for us.



GENERAL QUINCY A. GILMORE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 587.]



APPEARANCE OF FORT SUMTER, AUGUST 23, 1863, AFTER SIX DAYS' BOMBARDMENT.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTOR.—[SEE PAGE 587.]

## A REMINISCENCE OF PORT HUDSON.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

I HELD his hand in mine that ominous night
Before the battle's stormy ebb and flow,
And saw the fitful shadows of the fight
O'er his pale features go:

And in his eyes a sad, prophetic fear
Seemed burning out the hope of life's young dream,
As ever [illegible]
We saw the vivid gleam,

And heard the thunder of replying strife,
Peal answering peal in loud, dissonant roar,
Where burst the billowy mass of shouting life
On war's wild, wintry shore.

"The morn," he said, "comes marching up the sky—
The morn whose sun shall never set on me.
Tell them, when I am gone"—and then his eye
Grew humid with the plea—

"Tell them I feared it not, but calmly went
To strike one earnest blow for this fair land;
Content to toil and suffer, and content
To die a death so grand!

"Tell *her*—oh tell her"—but his quavering tones
Died to a whisper, and refused the name;
While sobs of agony and painful moans
Shook all his boyish frame.

He wrung my hand and left me. Once again,
Where death's tornado fiercest swept the field,
I saw him in the heart-break of his pain,
Ere yet his lips were sealed.

Ere yet his writhing limbs were laid asleep,
And eyes gazed meaningless up to the stars,
And dews of heaven fell over him, to weep
The hero's cruel scars.

Oh, pale, still face—oh, sadly mournful eyes,
Which seem to look forever in mine own!—
I see ye still; and still I hear his sighs—
His last expiring groan.

Oh hero-spirit!—brave and patient soul!
Too true that some must fall, as thou hast done!
Rest, then, in peace; for thou hast reached the goal—
The victory hast won!

THIBODEAUX, LOUISIANA, *August*, 1863.

# VERY HARD CASH.

BY CHARLES READE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXXII.—(*Continued.*)

MRS. DODD whispered again over her girl.

"Tell her something: oh, give me tears for her—the world for one tear."

"What shall I say?" gasped Edward.

"Tell her the truth, and trust to God, whose child she is."

Edward knelt on the floor and took her hand:

"My poor little Ju," he said, in a voice broken with pity and emotion, "would you rather have him dead, or false to you?"

"Why false, a thousand times. It's Edward. Bless your sweet face my own, own brother; tell me he is false, and not come to deadly harm."

"You shall judge for yourself," he groaned. "I went to his lodgings. He had left the town. The woman told me a letter came for him last night. A letter in—a female hand. The scoundrel came in from us, got this letter; packed up his things directly; paid his lodging; and went off in a two-horse fly at eight o'clock in the morning."

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

AT these plain proofs of Alfred's infidelity Julia's sweet throat began to swell hysterically, and then her bosom to heave and pant: and, after a piteous struggle, came a passion of sobs and tears so wild, so heart-broken, that Edward blamed himself bitterly for telling her.

But Mrs. Dodd sobbed "No, no, I would rather have her so; only leave her with me now: bless you, darling; leave us quickly."

She rocked and nursed her deserted child hours and hours; and so the miserable day crawled to its close.

Down stairs the house looked strange and gloomy: she, who had brightened it all, was darkened herself. The wedding breakfast and flowers remained in bitter mockery. Sarah cleared half the table, and Sampson and Edward dined in moody silence.

Presently Sampson's eye fell upon the Deed: it lay on a small table with a pen beside it, to sign on their return from church.

Sampson got hold of it and buried himself in the verbiage like a pearl-fisher diving. He came up again with a discovery. In spite of its feebleness, verbosity, obscurity, and idiotic way of expressing itself, the Deed managed to convey to David and Mrs. Dodd a life-interest in nine thousand five hundred pounds, with reversion to Julia and the children of the projected marriage. Sampson and Edward put their heads over this, and it puzzled them. "Why, man," said Sampson, "if the puppy had signed this last night he would be a beggar now."

"Ay," said Edward, "but after all he did not sign it."

"Nay, but that was your fault, not his; the lad was keen to sign."

"That is true: and perhaps if we had pinned him to this, last night, he would not have dared insult my sister to-day."

Sampson changed the subject by inquiring suddenly which way he was gone.

"Curse him, I don't know; and don't care. Go where he will I shall meet him again some day; and then—" Edward spoke almost in a whisper, but a certain grinding of his white teeth and flashing of his lion eyes made the incomplete sentence very expressive.

"What ninnies you young men are," said the Doctor, "even you, that I dub 'my fathom o' good sense:' just finish your denner, and come with me."

"No, Doctor; I'm off my feed for once: if you had been up stairs and seen my poor little sister! hang the grub; it turns my stomach." And he shoved his plate away, and leaned over the back of his chair.

Sampson made him drink a glass of wine, and then they got up from the half-finished meal and went hurriedly to Alfred's lodgings, the Doctor, though sixty, rushing along with all the fire and buoyancy of early youth.

They found the landlady surrounded by gossips curious as themselves, and longing to chatter, but no materials. The one new fact they elicited was that the vehicle was a White Lion fly, for she knew the young man by the cast in his eye. "Come away," shouted the Doctor, unceremoniously, and in two minutes they were in the yard of the White Lion.

Sampson called the hostler: out came a hard-featured man with a strong squint. Sampson concluded this was his man, and said, roughly: "Where did you drive young Hardie this morning?"

He seemed rather taken aback by this abrupt question; but reflected and slapped his thigh: "Why that is the party from Mill Street."

"Yes."

"Druv him to Silverton Station, Sir: and wasn't long about it either; gent was in a hurry."

"What train did he go by?"

"Well, I don't know, Sir; I left him at the station."

"Well, then where did he take his ticket for? Where did he tell the porter he was going? Think now and I'll give y' a sovereign."

The hostler scratched his head, and seemed at first inclined to guess for the sovereign, but at last said: "I should only be robbing you, gents; ye see he paid the fly then and there, and gave me a crown: and I druv away directly."

On this they gave him a shilling, and left him. But on leaving the yard, Edward said: "Doctor, I don't like that fellow's looks: let us try the landlord." They went in to the bar and made similar inquiries. The landlord was out, the mistress knew nothing about it, but took a book out of a drawer, and turned over the leaves. She read out an entry to this effect:

"Pair horse fly to Silverton: take up in Mill Street at eight o'clock. Is that it, Sir?" Sampson assented; but Edward told her the hostler said it was Silverton Station.

"No: it is Silverton in the book, Sir. Well, you see it is all one to us; the station is farther than the town, but we charge seven miles whichever 'tis."

Bradshaw, inspected then and there, sought in vain to conceal that four trains reached Silverton from different points between 8.50 and 9.25 A.M.

The friends retired with this scanty information; Alfred could hardly have gone to London: for there was a train up from Barkington itself at 8.30. But he might have gone to almost any other part of the island, or out of it for that matter. Sampson fell into a brown study.

After a long silence, which Edward was too sad to break, he said, thoughtfully: "Bring science to bear on this hotch-potch. Facks are never really opposed to facks; they onnly seem to be: and the true solution is the one which riconciles all the facks: fr' instance the chronothairmal Therey riconciles all th' undisputed facks in midicine. So now sairch for a solution to riconcile the Deed with the puppy levanting."

Edward searched, but could find none; and said so.

"Can't you?" said Sampson; "then I'll give you a couple. Say he is touched in the upper story, for one."

"What do you mean? mad?"

"Oh: there are degrees of Phrinzy. Here is th' inconsistency of conduct that marks a disturbance of the reason: and, to tell the truth, I once knew a young fellow that played this very prank at a wedding, and, the nixt thing we hard, my lorrd was in Bedlam."

Edward shook his head: "It is the villain's heart, not his brain."

Sampson then offered another solution, in which he owned he had more confidence:

"He has been courting some other wumman first: she declined, or made believe; but, when she found he had the spirit to go and marry an innocent girl, then the jade wrote to him and yielded. It's a married one, likely. I've known women go farther for hatred of a wumman than they would for love of a man: and here was a temptation! to snap a lover off th' altar, and insult a rival, all at one blow. He meant to marry; he meant to sign that deed: ay and, at his age, even if he had signed it, he would have gone off at passion's call, and beggared himself. What enrages me is that we didn't let him sign it, and so nail the young rascal's money."

"Curse his money," said Edward, "and him too. Wait till I can lay my hand on him; I'll break every bone in his skin."

"And I'll help you."

In the morning, Mrs. Dodd left Julia for a few minutes expressly to ask Sampson's advice. After Alfred's conduct she was free, and fully determined, to defend herself and family against spoliation by any means in her power; so she now showed the doctor David's letter about the £14,000; and the empty pocket-book; and put together the disjointed evidence of Julia, Alfred, and circumstances, in one neat and luminous statement: Sampson was greatly struck with the revelation: he jumped off his chair and marched about excited; said truth was stranger than fiction, and this was a manifest swindle: then he surprised Mrs. Dodd in her turn by assuming that old Hardie was at the bottom of yesterday's business. Neither Edward nor his mother could see that, and said so: his reply was characteristic: "Of course you can't; you are Anglosaxins; th' Anglosaxins are good at drawing distinctions; but they can't gineralize. I'm a Celt, and gineralize—as a duck swims. I discovered th' unity of all disease: it would be odd if I could not trace the maniform iniquities you suffer to their one source."

"But what is the connecting link?" asked Mrs. Dodd, still incredulous.

"Why, Richard Hardie's interest."

"Well, but the letter?" objected Edward.

"There goes th' Anglosaxin again," remonstrated Sampson: "puzzling his head over petty details; and they are perhaps mere blinds thrown out by th' enemy. Put this and that together: Hardie Senior always averse to this marriage; Hardie Senior wanting to keep £14,000 of yours: if his son, who knows of the fraud, became your mother's son, the swindle would be hourly in danger (no connexion? y' unhappy Anglosaxins; why the two things are interwoven). And so young Hardie is got out of the way: old Hardie's doing, or I'm a Dutchman."

This reasoning still appeared forced and fanciful to Edward; but it began to make some little impression on Mrs. Dodd, and encouraged her to own that her poor daughter suspected foul play.

"Well, that is possible too; whativer tempted man has done, tempted man will do: but more likely he has bribed Jezebel to write and catch the goose by the heart. Gintlemen, I'm a bit of a physiognomist: look at old Hardie's lines; his cordage I might say; and deeper every time I see him; man, I've an eye like a hawk. There's an awful weight on that man's mind. Looksee! I'll just send a small trifle of a detective down to watch his game, and pump his people: and, as soon as it is safe, we'll seize the old bird, and, once he is trapped, the young one will reappear like magic: th' old one will disgorge; we'll just compound the felony—been an old friend—and recover the cash."

A fine sketch; but Edward thought it desperately wild, and Mrs. Dodd preferred employing a respectable attorney to try and obtain justice in the regular way. Sampson laughed at her; what was the use of attacking in the regular way an irregular genius like old Hardie? "Attorneys are too humdrum for such a job," said he; "they start with a civil letter putting a rogue on his guard; they proceed t' a writ, and then he digs a hole in another county and buries the booty; or sails t' Australia with it. N'list'me; I'm an old friend, and an insane lover of justice—I say insane, because my passion is not returned, or the jade wouldn't keep out of my way so all these years—You leave all this to me."

"Stop a minute," said Edward; "you must not go compromising us: and we have got no money to pay for luxuries, like detectives."

"I won't compromise any one of you: and my detective sha'n't cost y' a penny."

"Ah, my dear friend," said Mrs. Dodd, "the fact is you do not know all the difficulties that beset us. Tell him, Edward. Well then, let *me*. The poor boy is attached to this gentleman's daughter, whom you propose to treat like a felon: and he is too good a son and too good a friend for me to—what, what, shall I do?"

Edward colored up to the eyes: "Who told you that, mother?" said he. "Well, yes I do love her, and I'm not ashamed of it. Doctor," said the poor fellow after a while, "I see now I am not quite the person to advise my mother in this matter. I consent to leave it in your hands."

And, in pursuance of this resolution, he retired to his study.

"There's a domnable combination," said Sampson, dryly. "Truth is sairtainly more wonderful than feckshin. Here's my fathom o' good sense in love with a wax doll, and her brother jilting his sister, and her father pillaging his mother. It *beats* hotch-potch."

Mrs. Dodd denied the wax doll: but owned Miss Hardie was open to vast objections: "An estimable young lady; but so odd; she is one of these uneasy-minded Christians that have sprung up: a religious egotist, and malade imaginaire, eternally feeling her own spiritual pulse—"

"I know the disorrder," cried Sampson, eagerly: "the pashints have a hot fit (and then they are saints): followed in due course by the cold fit (and then they are the worst of sinners): and so on in endless rotation: and, if they could only realize my great discovery, the perriodicity of all disease, and time their sintiments, they would find the hot fit and the cold return chronometrically, at intervals as rigler as the tides' ebb and flow; and the soul has nothing to do with either febrile symptom. Why Religion, apart from intermittent Fever of the Brain, is just the caumest, peaceablest, sedatest thing in all the world."

"Ah, you are too deep for me, my good friend. All I know is that she is one of this new school, whom I take the liberty to call 'THE FIDGETY CHRISTIANS.' They can not let their poor souls alone a minute; and they pester one day and night with the millennium; as if we shall not all be dead long before that: but the worst is they apply the language of earthly passion to the Saviour of mankind, and make one's flesh creep at their blasphemies; so coarse, so familiar; like that rude multitude which thronged and pressed Him when on earth. But, after all, she came to the church, and took my Julia's part; so that shows she has *principle;* and do pray spare me her feelings in any step you take against that dishonorable person her father: I must go back to his victim, my poor, poor child: I dare not leave her long. Oh, Doctor, such a night! and, if she dozes for a minute, it is to wake with a scream and tell me she sees him dead: sometimes he is drowned; sometimes stained with blood; but always dead."

This evening Mr. Hardie came along in a fly with his luggage on the box, returning to Musgrove Cottage as from Yorkshire: in passing Albion Villa he cast it a look of vindictive triumph. He got home and nodded by the fire in his character of a man wearied by a long journey. Jane made him some tea, and told him how Alfred had disappeared on his wedding-day.

"The young scamp," said he: he added, coolly, "it is no business of mine; I had no hand in making the match, thank Heaven!" In the conversation that ensued he said he had always been averse to the marriage; but not so irreconcilably as to approve this open breach of faith with a respectable young lady: "this will recoil upon our name, you know, at this critical time," said he.

Then Jane mustered courage to confess that she had gone to the wedding herself: "Dear papa," said she, "it was made clear to me that the Dodds are acting in what they consider a most friendly way to you. They think—I can not tell you what they think. But, if mistaken, they are sincere: and so, after prayer, and you not being here for me to consult, I did go to the church. Forgive me, papa: I have but one brother; and she is my dear friend."

Mr. Hardie's countenance fell at this announcement, and he looked almost diabolical. But on second thoughts he cleared up wonderfully: "I will be frank with you, Jenny: if the wedding had come off, I should have been deeply hurt at your supporting that little monster of ingratitude; he not only marries against his father's will (that is done every day) but slanders and maligns him publicly in his hour of poverty and distress. But, now that he has broken faith and insulted Miss Dodd as well as me, I declare I am glad you were there, Jenny. It will separate us from his abominable conduct. But what does he say for himself? What reason does he give?"

"Oh, it is all mystery as yet."

"Well, but he must have sent some explanation to the Dodds."

"He may have: I don't know. I have not ventured to intrude on my poor insulted friend. Papa, I hear her distress is fearful; they fear for her reason. Oh, if harm comes to her, God will assuredly punish him whose heartlessness and treachery has brought her to it. Mark my words," she continued with great emotion, "this cruel act will not go unpunished even in this world."

"There, there, change the subject," said Mr. Hardie, peevishly. "What have I to do with his pranks? he has disowned me for his father, and I disown him for my son."

The next day Peggy Black called, and asked to see master. Old Betty, after the first surprise, looked at her from head to foot, and foot to head, as if measuring her for a suit of Disdain; and told her she might carry her own message; then flounced into the kitchen, and left her to shut the street-door, which she did. She went and dropped her courtesy at the parlor-door, and in a miminy-piminy voice said she was come to make her submission, and would he forgive her, and give her another trial? Her penitence, after one or two convulsive efforts, ended in a very fair flow of tears.

Mr. Hardie shrugged his shoulders and asked Jane if the girl had ever been saucy to her.

"Oh no, papa: indeed I have no fault to find with poor Peggy."

"Well, then, go to your work, and try and not offend Betty; remember she is older than you."

Peggy went for her box and bandbox, and reinstated herself quietly, and all old Betty's endeavors to irritate her only elicited a calm cunning smile, with a depression of her downy eyelashes.

*Albion Villa.*

Next morning Edward Dodd was woke out of a sound sleep, at about four o'clock, by a hand upon his shoulder: he looked up and rubbed his eyes; it was Julia standing by his bedside, dressed and in her bonnet: "Edward," she said, in a hurried whisper, "there is foul play: I can not sleep, I can not be idle. He has been decoyed away, and perhaps murdered. Oh, pray, get up and go to the Police office or somewhere with me."

"Very well; but wait till morning."

"No; now; now; now; now. I shall never go out of doors in the daytime again. Wait? I'm going crazy with wait, wait, wait, wait, waiting."

Her hand was like fire on him, and her eyes supernaturally bright.

"There," said Edward, with a groan, "go down stairs, and I will be with you directly."

He came down: they went out together: her little burning hand pinched his tight, and her swift foot seemed scarcely to touch the ground; she kept him at his full stride till they got to the central police station. There, at the very thought of facing men, the fiery innocent suddenly shrank together, and covered her blushing face with her hot hands. She sent him in alone. He found an intelligent superintendent, who entered into the case with all the coolness of an old official hand.

Edward came out to his sister and, as he hurried her home, told her what had passed: "The superintendent asked to see the letter; I told him he had taken it with him: that was a pity, he said. Then he made me describe Alfred to a nicety: and the description will go up to London this morning, and all over Barkington, and the neighborhood, and the county."

She stopped to kiss him, then went on again with her head down, and neither spoke till they were nearly home: then Edward told her "the superintendent felt quite sure that the villain was not dead; nor in danger of it."

"Oh, bless him! bless him! for saying so."

"And that he will turn up in London before very long; not in this neighborhood; he says he must have known the writer of the letter, and his taking his luggage with him shows he has gone off deliberately. My poor little Ju, now do try and look at it as he does, and every body else does; try and see it as you would if you were a by-stander."

She laid her soft hand on his shoulder as if to support herself floating in her sea of doubt: "I do see I am a poor credulous girl; but how *can* my Alfred be false to me? Am I to doubt the Bible? am I to doubt the sun? Is nothing true in heaven or earth? Oh, if I could only have died as I was dressing for church—died while he seemed true! He *is* true; the wicked creature has cast some spell on him: he has gone in a moment of delirium; he will regret what he has done, perhaps regrets it now. I am ungrateful to you, Edward, and to the good policeman, for saying he is not dead. What more do I require? he is dead to me. Edward, let us leave this place. We *were* going: let us go to-day; this very day; oh, take me and hide me where no one that knows me can ever see me again." A flood of tears came to her relief: and she went along sobbing and kissing her brother's hand every now and then.

But, as they drew near the gate of Albion Villa, twilight began to usher in the dawn. Julia shuddered at even that faint light, and fled like a guilty thing, and hid herself sobbing in her own bedroom.

*Musgrove Cottage.*

Mr. Richard Hardie slept better, since his return from Yorkshire, than he had done for some time past, and therefore woke more refreshed and in better spirits. He knew an honest family was miserable a few doors off; but he did not care. He got up and shaved with a mind at ease. Only, when he had removed the lather from one half his face, he happened to look out of window, and saw on the wall opposite—a placard: a large placard to this effect:

"One Hundred Guineas Reward! Whereas on the 11th instant Mr. Alfred Hardie disappeared mysteriously from his lodgings in 15 Mill Street under circumstances suggesting a suspicion of foul play, know all men that the above reward will be paid to any person or persons who shall first inform the undersigned where the said Alfred Hardie is to be found, and what person or persons, if any, have been concerned in his disappearance.

Alexander Sampson
39 Pope Street
Napoleon Square
London."

At sight of this, Mr. Hardie was seized with a tremor that suspended the razor in mid-air; he opened the window, and glared at the doctor's notice.

At this moment he himself was a picture: not unlike those half-cleaned portraits the picture-restorers hang out as specimens of their art.

"Insolent interfering fool," he muttered, and began to walk the room in agitation. After a while he made a strong effort, shaved the other half, and dressed slowly, thinking hard all the time. The result was, he went out before breakfast (which he had not done for years) and visited the "White Lion." One of Sampson's posters had just been stuck up near the inn; he quietly pulled it down and then entered the yard; and had a serious talk with the squinting hostler.

On his return, Jane was waiting breakfast. The first word to him was: "Papa, have you seen?"

"What, the Reward?" said he, indifferently. "Yes, I noticed it at our door as I came home."

Jane said it was a very improper and most indelicate interference in their affairs. And went on to say with heightened color: "I have just told Peggy to take it down."

"Not for the world!" cried Mr. Hardie, losing all his calmness real or feigned; and he rang the bell hastily. On Peggy's appearing, he said, anxiously, "I do not wish that Notice interfered with."

"I shouldn't think of touching it without your orders, Sir," said she, quietly, and shot him a feline glance from under her pale lashes.

Jane colored, and looked a little mortified: but on Peggy's retiring Mr. Hardie explained that, whether judicious or not, it was a friendly act of Dr. Sampson's; and to pull down his notice would look like siding with the boy against those he had injured: "Besides," said he, "why should you and I burk inquiry? Ill as he has used me, I am his father, and not altogether without anxiety. Suppose those doctors should be right about him, you know?"

Jane had for some time been longing to call at Albion Villa and sympathize with her friend; and now curiosity was superadded; she burned to know whether the Dodds knew of, or approved this placard. She asked her father whether he thought she could go there with propriety. "Why not?" said he, cheerfully, and with assumed carelessness.

In reality it was essential to him that Jane should visit the Dodds. Surrounded by pitfalls, threatened with a new and mysterious assailant in the eccentric, but keen and resolute Sampson, this artful man, who had now become a very Machiavel—constant danger and deceit had so sharpened and deepened his great natural abilities—was preparing among other defenses a shield; and that shield was a sieve; and that sieve was his daughter. In fact, ever since his return, he had acted and spoken at the Dodds through Jane, but with a masterly appearance of simplicity and mere confidential intercourse. At least I think this is the true clew to all his recent remarks.

Jane, a truthful, unsuspicious girl, was all the fitter instrument of the cunning monster. She went and called at Albion Villa, and was received by Edward, Mrs. Dodd being up stairs with Julia, and in five minutes she had told him what her father, she owned, had said to her in confidence. "But," said she, "the reason I repeat these things is to make peace, and that you may not fancy there is any one in our house so cruel, so unchristian, as to approve Alfred's perfidy. Oh, and papa said candidly he disliked the match, but then he disliked this way of ending it far more."

Mrs. Dodd came down in due course, and kissed her; but told her Julia could not see even her at present. "I think, dear," said she, "in a day or two she will see *you*; but no one else: and for her sake we shall now hurry our departure from this place, where she was once so happy."

Mrs. Dodd did not like to begin about Alfred; but Jane had no such scruples: she inveighed warmly against his conduct, and, ere she left the house, had quite done away with the faint suspicion Sampson had engendered, and brought both Mrs. Dodd and Edward back to their original opinion, that the elder Hardie had nothing on earth to do with the perfidy of the younger.

Just before dinner a gentleman called on Edward, and proved to be a policeman in plain clothes. He had been sent from the office to sound the hostler at the "White Lion," and, if necessary, to threaten him. The police knew, though nobody else in Barkington did, that this hostler had been in what rogues call trouble twice, and, as the police can starve a man of the kind by blowing on him, and can reward him by keeping dark, he knows better than withhold information from them.

However, on looking for this hostler, he had left his place that very morning; had decamped with mysterious suddenness.

Here was a puzzle.

Had the man gone without noticing the reward? Had somebody outbid the reward? or was it a strange coincidence, and did he after all know nothing?

The police thought it was no coincidence, and he did know something; so they had telegraphed the London office to mark him down.

Edward thanked his visitor; but, on his retiring, told his mother he could make neither head nor tail of it; and she only said, "We seem surrounded by mystery."

Meantime, unknown to these bewildered ones, Greek was meeting Greek only a few yards off.

Mr. Hardie was being undermined by a man of his own calibre, one too cautious to communicate with the Dodds, or any one else, till his work looked ripe.

The game began thus: a decent mechanic, who lodged hard by, lounging with his pipe near the gate of Musgrove Cottage, offered to converse with old Betty: she gave him a rough answer; but with a touch of ineradicable vanity must ask Peggy if she wanted a sweet-heart, because there was a hungry one at the gate: "Why he wanted to begin on an old woman like me." Peggy inquired what he had said to her.

"Oh, he begun where most of them ends, if they get so far at all: axed me was I comfortable here; if not, he knew a young man wanted a nice tidy body to keep house for him."

Peggy pricked up her ears; and, in less than a quarter of an hour, went for a box of lucifers in a new bonnet and clean collar. She tripped past the able mechanic very accidentally, and he bestowed an admiring smile on her, but said nothing, only smoked. However, on her return, he contrived to detain her, and paid her a good many compliments, which she took laughingly and with no great appearance of believing them. However, there is no going by that: compliments sink: and within forty-eight hours the able mechanic had become a hot wooer of Peggy Black, always on the look-out for her day and night, and telling her all about the lump of money he had saved, and how he could double his income, if he had but a counter, and tidy wife behind it. Peggy gossiped in turn, and let out among the rest that she had been turned off once, just for answering a little sharply; and now it was the other way: her master was a trifle too civil at times.

"Who could help it?" said the able mechanic, rapturously; and offered a pressing civility; which Peggy fought off.

"Not so free, young man," said she. "Kissing is the prologue to sin."

"How do you know that?" inquired the able mechanic, with the sly humor of his class.

"It is a saying," replied Peggy, demurely.

At last, one night, Mr. Green, the Detective, for he it was, put his arm round his new sweetheart's waist, and approached the subject nearest his heart. He told her he had just found out there was money enough to be made in one day to set them up for life in a nice little shop; and she could help in it.

After this inviting preamble he crept toward the £14,000 by artful questions; and soon elicited that there had been high words between Master and Mr. Alfred about that very sum; she had listened at the door and heard. Taking care to combine close courtship with cunning interrogatories, he was soon enabled to write to Dr. Sampson, and say that a servant of Mr. Hardie's was down on him, and reported that he carried a large pocket-book in his breast-pocket by day; and she had found the dent of it under his pillow at night; a stroke of observation very creditable in an unprofessional female: on this he had made it his business to meet Mr. Hardie in broad day, and sure enough the pocket-book was always there. He added that the said Hardie's face wore an expression, which he had seen more than once when respectable parties went in for felony: and altogether thought they might now take out a warrant and proceed in the regular way.

Sampson received this news with great satisfaction: but was crippled by the interwoven relations of the parties.

To arrest Mr. Hardie on a warrant would entail a prosecution for felony, and separate Jane and Edward forever.

He telegraphed Green to meet him at the station; and reached Barkington at eight that very evening. Green and he proceeded to Albion Villa, and there they held a long and earnest consultation with Edward; and at last, on certain conditions, Mr. Green and Edward consented to act on Sampson's plan. Green, by this time, knew all Mr. Hardie's out-of-door habits; and assured them that at ten o'clock he would walk up and down the road for at least half an hour, the night being dry. It wanted about a quarter to ten when Mrs. Dodd came down and proposed supper to the travelers. Sampson declined it for the present; and said they had work to do at eleven. Then, making the others a signal not to disclose any thing at present, he drew her aside and asked after Julia.

Mrs. Dodd sighed:—"She goes from one thing to another, but always returns to one idea—that he is a victim, not a traitor."

"Well, tell her in one hour the money shall be in the house."

"The money! What does she care?"

"Well, say we shall know all about Alfred by eleven o'clock."

"My dear friend, be prudent," said Mrs. Dodd. "I feel alarmed; you were speaking almost in a whisper when I came in."

"Y' are very obsairvant: but doant be uneasy; we are three to one. Just go and comfort Miss Julee with my message."

"Ah, that I will," she said.

She was no sooner gone than they all stole out into the night, and a pitch-dark night it was; but Green had a powerful dark lantern to use if necessary.

They waited, Green at the gate of Musgrove Cottage, the other two a little way up the road.

Ten o'clock struck. Some minutes passed without the expected signal from Green; and Edward and Sampson began to shiver. For it was very cold and dark, and in the next place they were honest men going to take the law into their own hands, and the law sometimes calls that breaking the law. "Confound him!" muttered Sampson: "if he does not soon come I shall run away. It is bitterly cold."

Presently footsteps were heard approaching; but no signal: it proved to be only a fellow in a smock frock rolling home from the public house.

Just as his footsteps died away a low hoot like a plaintive owl was heard, and they knew their game was afoot.

Presently, tramp, tramp, came the slow and stately march of him they had hunted down.

He came very slowly, like one lost in meditation: and these amateur policemen's hearts beat louder and louder as he drew nearer and nearer.

At last in the blackness of the night a shadowy outline was visible: another tramp or two, it was upon them.

Now the cautious Mr. Green had stipulated that the pocket-book should first be felt for, and if not there the matter should go no farther. So Edward made a stumble and fell against Mr. Hardie and felt his left breast: the pocket-book was there. "Yes," he whispered: and Mr. Hardie, in the act of remonstrating at his clumsiness, was pinned behind, and his arms strapped with wonderful rapidity and dexterity. Then first he seemed to awake to his danger, and uttered a stentorian cry of terror, that rang through the night and made two of his three captors tremble.

"Cut that," said Green, sternly, "or you'll get into trouble."

Mr. Hardie lowered his voice directly. "Do not kill me, do not hurt me," he murmured; "I'm but a poor man now. Take my little money; it is in my waistcoat pocket; but spare my life. You see I don't resist."

"Come, stash your gab, my lad," said Green, contemptuously, addressing him just as he would any other of the birds he was accustomed to capture. "It's not your stiff that is wanted, but Captain Dodd's."

"Captain Dodd's?" cried the prisoner, with a wonderful assumption of innocence.

"Ay, the pocket-book," said Green: "here, this! this!" He tapped on the pocket-book, and instantly the prisoner uttered a cry of agony, and sprang into the road with an agility no one would have thought possible; but Edward and Green soon caught him, and, the Doctor joining, they held him, and Green tore his coat open.

The pocket-book was not there. He tore open his waistcoat; it was not in the waistcoat: but it was sewed tightly to his very shirt on the outside.

Green wrenched it away, and bidding the other two go behind the prisoner and look over his shoulder, unseen themselves, slipped the shade of his lantern.

Mr. Hardie had now ceased to struggle and to exclaim; he stood sullen, mute, desperate; while an agitated face peered eagerly over each of his shoulders at the open pocket-book in Green's hands, on which the lantern now poured a narrow but vivid stream of light.

## THE SIBLEY EXPEDITION.

A Correspondent who writes from "Camp in Dacotah, August 15," furnishes us with sketches of events in General Sibley's Expedition against the Sioux. He says, "The sketch of the Murder of Lieutenant Beever is a truthful one, so far as could be gathered from the examination of those who visited the scene immediately after." He was a wealthy Englishman, who had served through the Crimean campaigns, and finally came to this country in search of adventures. He was about thirty years old. He left behind him in New York a fine yacht in which he had once sailed on a pleasure trip to the West Indies. Being on General Sibley's staff, he had been sent with a dispatch to Colonel Crooks, who was skirmishing with the Indians. He fell into an ambush and was murdered. One side of his face was hacked off with a hatchet while he was still alive.——The illustrations on page 580 represent two incidents in the history of this Expedition. The first shows the Train Crossing the James River on the 20th of July. The locality is about 600 miles west of St. Paul, and 100 east of the Missouri, which was the destination of the Expedition. Up to this time the Indians had kept out of sight. But two days after they were massed to the number of 4000 in front of the Expedition. The James River is nearly as black as ink, and the crossing of it by four hundred wagons occupied nearly four hours. There is but one clear stream in Dacotah Territory—the Cheyenne. The Expedition, on its return a fortnight after, crossed the river at a different point.——The other illustration represents The Sioux after the Battle of Big Woods, on the 24th of July. The savages, on being attacked, retreated from hill to hill of the Coteau du Missouri, and were finally pursued into a valley where they had recently been encamped. The entire train of the fugitives at last came in sight, and good work was done upon them by our shell and shot. Had not General Sibley's forces been exhausted by a long day's march, by the subsequent fight and pursuit, the whole Sioux force might have been captured. As it was, they succeeded in escaping across the Missouri, which was not fordable by our train. The illustration shows the savages fleeing in confusion between the lakes, with Sibley and his staff upon a hill in the fore-ground.

## CHATTANOOGA.

On page 581 is a view of Chattanooga, from the north side of the Tennessee River. "Chattanooga," says our artist, "is one of the strong points of the Confederacy. It lies in the mountains, has the Tennessee and the Cumberland Mountains in its front. Here, as I write, are Bragg's head-quarters, the army being encamped within ten miles. The pontoon-bridge, lately at Kelly's Ferry, has been brought up, and thrown over the river, which is here about 1200 feet wide. Lookout Mountain, two and a half miles from the town, is 1500 feet high. All these features appear in the sketch. The place was formerly one of resort for Southerners. The climate is very pleasant, and the country is abundantly supplied with fine springs."

## GENERAL Q. A. GILMORE.

On page 584 we give a new portrait of General Gilmore, the commander of our army before Charleston, whose demolition of Fort Sumter, at a distance from his batteries of from 3330, to 4240 yards (say 2 to 2½ miles) and an effective fire upon Charleston from a distance of 5 or 6 miles, have inaugurated a new feature in war. Had Gilmore, with his present artillery, been in command before Sebastopol the Russian strong-hold would have been demolished in a week. We hope soon to be able to add to the brief biographical sketch in our number for August 15 further details of the General, whom we may now safely set down as the foremost military engineer in history. If he captures Charleston, he will have achieved the greatest work of its kind ever accomplished. Should he fail, he has already revolutionized the whole system of defensive warfare.

## FORT SUMTER.

On page 585 we give an illustration, from a sketch by an eye-witness, of the appearance of Fort Sumter after a week's bombardment. The mass of ruins which appears is all that remains of a fortress which two years ago was thought impregnable to all the artillery of the world.—On pages 588 and 589 are views of the rebel intrenchments on James Island, and of various scenes connected with the attack upon the Charleston forts. These are furnished by our Army and Navy correspondents; they explain themselves.

## "MORE LIGHT!"

"More light! more light!" when sunset hues are steeping
All heaven and earth in waves of living light,
And Silence, o'er creation calmly creeping,
With lifted finger whispers her good-night.

"More light! more light!" when dawn's soft golden tresses,
Blown through the sky, proclaim the vigil o'er,
And rosy, to the zephyr's sweet caresses,
Aurora smiles through heaven's half-open door.

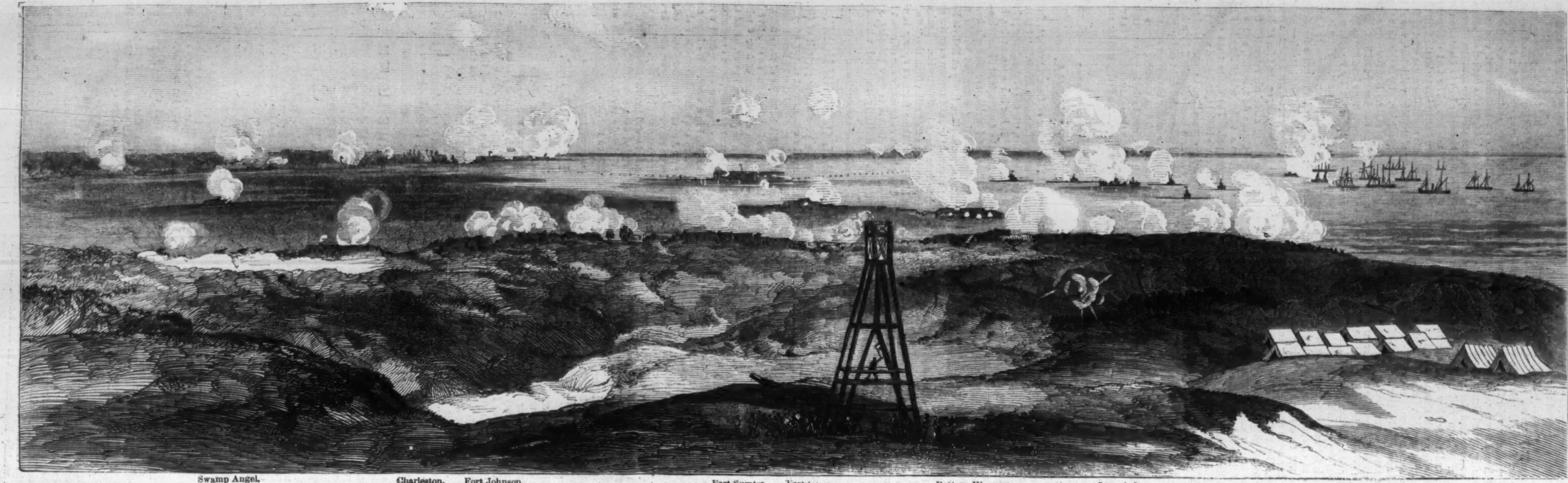
"More light! more light!" when doubt, with iron fingers,
Has fastened on the ardent living soul.
"More light!" to cheer the heart where love yet lingers,
And point the way, that faith may find the goal.

"More light!" when, from the rugged road of duty,
The tempter with his lures would lead astray.
"More light!" to sweep the mask of joy and beauty
From promises which wile but to betray.

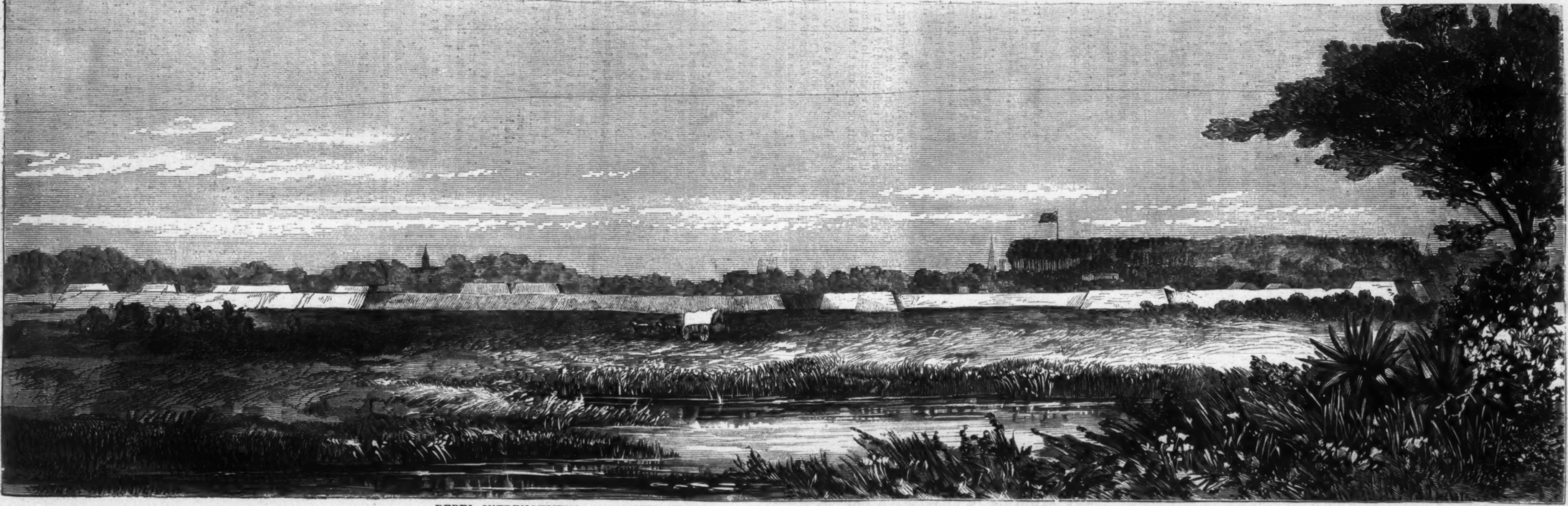
"More light!" when from the heart the hope most cherished
Goes out in deepest darkness and despair.
"More light!" to live when life's desire has perished,
And heaven seems to close against our prayer.

"More light!" upon the page so full of wonder,
Which God's great gracious love to man has given;
That through the veil which Christ has rent asunder
The light may stream to show the path to heaven.

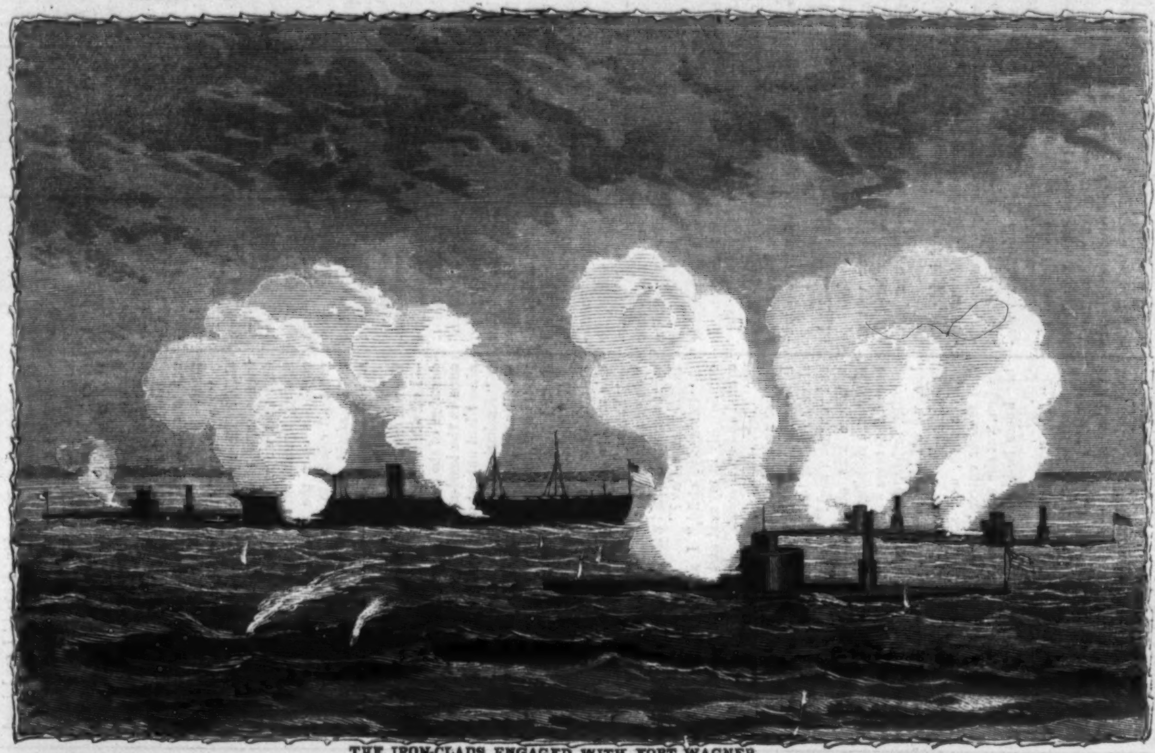
"More light!" for dying eyes when sunlight fails them,
And all creation quivers to the sight.
"More light!"—O God! Thy light alone avails them,
And Thou wilt give it, for Thou art the Light.


Swamp Angel.
Charleston.
Fort Johnson.
Fort Sumter.
Fort Gregg.
Battery Wagner.
Iron-clads.

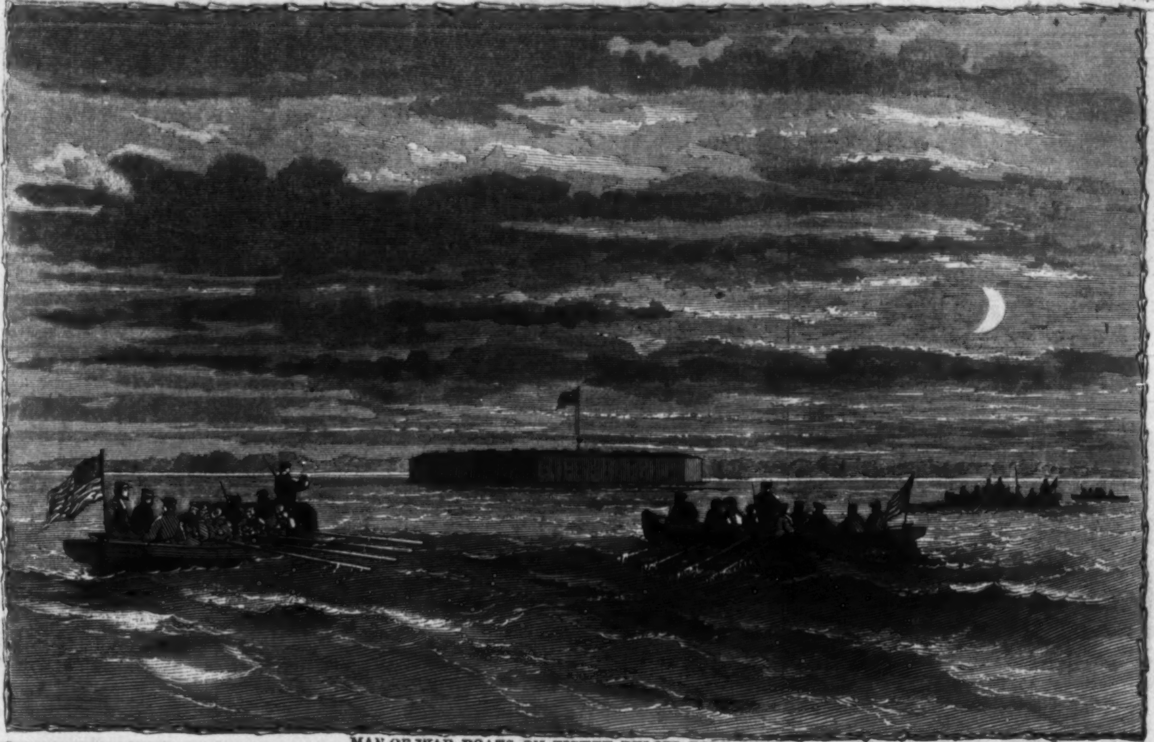
BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER—THE FLEET ENGAGING BATTERIES WAGNER AND GREGG.—[SEE PAGE 587.]



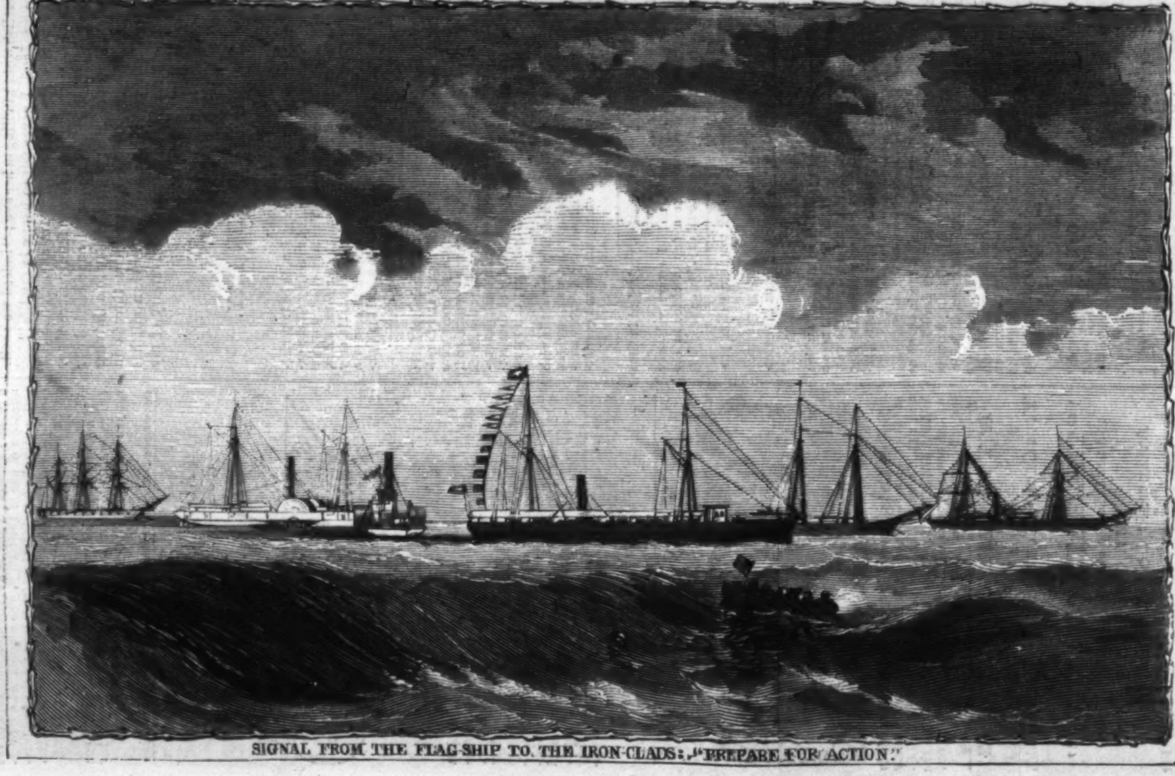
REBEL INTRENCHMENTS ON JAMES ISLAND, SOUTH CAROLINA.—SKETCHED BY MR. J. P. HOFFMAN.—[SEE PAGE 587.]



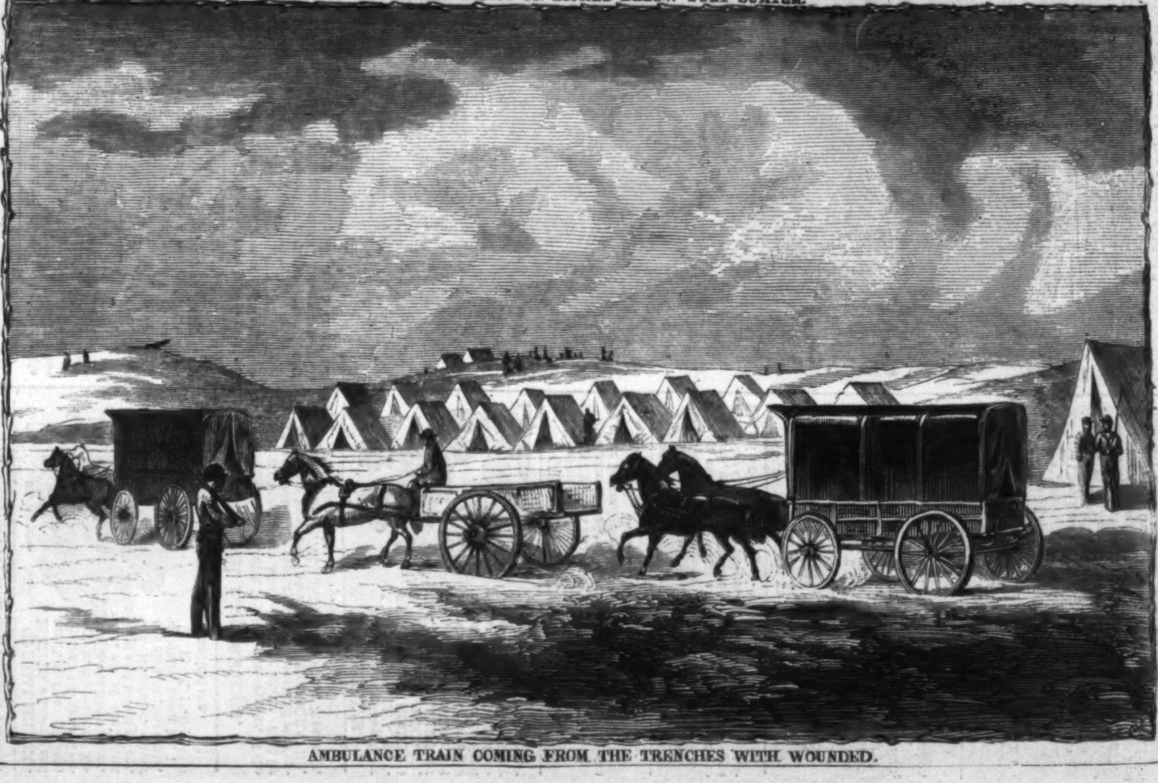
THE IRON-CLADS ENGAGED WITH FORT WAGNER.



MAN-OF-WAR BOATS ON PICKET BELOW FORT SUMTER.



SIGNAL FROM THE FLAG-SHIP TO THE IRON-CLADS: "PREPARE FOR ACTION."



AMBULANCE TRAIN COMING FROM THE TRENCHES WITH WOUNDED.

THE CAMPAIGN IN CHARLESTON HARBOR.—From Sketches by an Occasional Correspondent.—[See Page 587.]

## MY INDEPENDENCE-DAY.

THE 4th of July, 1863, with all the hallowed associations of the past and its promise in the throbbing present, has passed away; but it came to me so freighted with the memory of an eventful day in my life that I can not sail smoothly on with old Tempus without first unburdening myself. Trusting that now and then some fretted traveler as he journeys on may be tempted to peep into and profit by my budget, I cast it upon the highway.

I had been dining out. The meats served on the occasion were good, the wines superb, the speeches brilliant, and, better than all, my own unpremeditated remarks, which, by a singular coincidence, had haunted me for the past four days, had been received with decided *éclat*. It was on the night of the 3d of July, 185–. The shop-windows were gorgeous with their display of fire-works, and under the peculiar flicker and multiplication of the gas-lights the rockets and pin-wheels seemed to be having a premature frolic on their own account.

On the whole, I felt peculiarly happy and amiable. A bright-eyed, rosy beggar-child asked me for sixpence: she was *starving*, she said. My heart was touched, and I threw her a small handful of silver. Three young gentlemen came swaying arm in arm along the side-walk, jostling me rather roughly. At any other time I might have been indignant; but now, were they not men and brothers? I bowed gracefully, and at the same time, I felt confident, with dignity, and stepped off the curb-stone to allow them to pass. At last I reached my own door. The lock was out of order; for my key would not turn it. I rang, first the door-knob, then the bell, violently. My next-door neighbor, Mr. Green, came to the door in his calico wrapper.

"Ah, Mister Green," I exclaimed, steadying the tottering door-post, "delighted t'see you. Is my—my wife in?"

Mr. Green seized me somewhat roughly by the arm, thereby seriously inconveniencing me (as he pitched about considerably), and led me to a neighboring door.

"Where is your night-key, Mr. F——?" he asked, gruffly.

There were about six pockets in my vest on that occasion; but after a while I discovered the right one, and produced the key, with a polite bow.

The next instant I found myself inside, the door closed, and the only visible link between myself and the second story, swinging violently backward and forward in the shape of a dying gas-jet suspended from the ceiling. My effort to resuscitate the spark resulted in total darkness.

After groping about for a while I found the stairway, and, clutching the baluster, commenced to ascend. This feat was attended with so much difficulty that I was induced to bring the full force of my reasoning powers to bear upon the performance, and soon discovered that I had been trying to mount the hat-rack. Abandoning the enterprise, with a smile of superiority over my weaker self, I proceeded in my search, and finally planted my foot firmly upon the lowest step. Alas! step number two convinced me of my error, and our Tommy's new velocipede toppled over with a crash, casting me prostrate beside it. Then I saw a flash of light, and soon, approaching nearer and nearer (as though let down by a rope from the upper regions), the white-robed, graceful form of my oldest daughter, Kitty. Rising and offering her my arm we ascended the stairs together. As she left me at the room-door I turned and solemnly gave her my paternal blessing. She was visibly affected, even bursting into tears and exclaiming, "Oh, father!" as she hurried away.

The next morning I found myself on the spare-room bed with all my clothes on, except my cravat and one boot. The cravat was on the hearth and the boot was on the mantle-piece. Guns were booming, fire-crackers were snapping, the din of powder and merry voices of children filled the air. I could hear my own youngsters shouting out lustily in the garden, and in the hall the "first bell" was tingling its summons through the house.

It was the 4th of July sure enough, and I, as head of the family, must present myself in suitable array at the breakfast-table and inaugurate the jollities of the day. I seized the boot in one hand and the cravat in the other, and proceeded meekly to the apartment generally used in common by Mrs. F—— and myself.

"Ah! Mrs. F——," said I, bowing rather sheepishly in my attempt to pass the affair off as a joke, "Good-morning, ma'am!"

"Good-morning, John," replied my wife, quietly, not a shade of crossness in her tone. "I must go down and watch the children or they may do some mischief with their pistols and fire-crackers; but come to breakfast as soon as you can."

With these words she left the room. I was almost sorry that she didn't scold or "go on" a little concerning my spree. This sad, gentle way of speaking made me uncomfortable, cough and strut about the room as I would, for I knew well enough the pain and disgust gnawing at her heart, and that during the past year I had given her too frequent cause for the reproaches that never came, though I was prepared to receive them, after each offense.

Cold water, however, and clean clothes braced me up somewhat, and soon after the "second bell" rang I strode majestically through the halls, severe in my dignity as head of the household. Reaching the basement door, I paused a moment, half-dreading to meet the rows of young faces on either side of the table, and my wife's sweet, pale countenance beaming so quietly over them all. This momentary weakness over, with a pompous "ahem" I mustered the requisite manner and entered.

There was no one at the table, and only Kitty was in the room—Kitty, my usually joyous girl, now standing in a pensive attitude by the window.

It was important that my children should respect me, and I felt, of course, anxious to obliterate from her mind any impression of weakness I might have given her the previous night.

"This is a glorious day, Kitty!" I exclaimed, expansively—"a glorious day, my child; the day on which we as a nation declared ourselves independent. To-day we must all be jubilant, victorious! We must not mope in the house—we must ride or sail somewhere in a grand family excursion, and breathe the sunshine and the glorious air of Freedom, eh?"

Kitty did not even turn her head; but I continued to speak, as I strode up and down the apartment.

"Do you not enter into the spirit of the day, child? Read your history—read of George Washington, and the glorious men who suffered and died that we might be free—FREE!" I repeated, seating myself, and bringing my fist down with emphasis upon the arm of the chair. "Yes, we must all celebrate this day; and now, Kitty, do not be afraid, tell me where you would like to go, or how we shall best enjoy it."

By this time Kitty's face seemed fairly glued to the window. I was seriously displeased, insulted!—I who had ever enforced filial respect as the first doctrine of the household, and here was open defiance in the least-expected quarter; and that, too, after I had unbent myself to an unusual degree.

"Katharine!" I exclaimed, in a terrible voice, sturdily thrusting back unpleasant memories of the past night, "what do you mean by this conduct?"

She turned; her lips were white and her eyes swimming with tears. In a moment she was beside me, her hand upon my shoulder.

"Father," said she, looking me full in the face, "do you mean what you say when you ask me in what manner I would wish to celebrate this glorious Independence-Day?"

"Certainly, child," I answered, turning uncomfortably in my seat and striving to look patriarchal and indifferent.

"Then, father, dear father," cried Kitty, winding her arms about my neck, "make this truly an Independence-Day for yourself, for us all. Be a slave no more, but be FREE in the sight of God and your own soul!"

Where was all my paternal dignity now? Kitty was sobbing upon my bosom; and from my bowed face tears were falling upon her golden hair.

"Do, father, *do*," she pleaded. "It is not too late, we all love you yet; and mother's heart is breaking—"

Even then, as I strained Kitty to my bosom, that mother entered the room. Not a word was spoken, yet she understood all, and cast herself on her knees beside me, looking earnestly into my eyes.

"John," said she, "I have never reproached you—will you promise?"

"*Yes!*" I cried, folding my darlings to my heart in a close embrace—"before God, and to you my wife and child, I promise what you wish!"

"Never to drink wine any more?" cried Kitty, holding my face between her hands, a joyous light sparkling through her tears.

"Never?" echoed my wife, clasping my hands in hers.

"*Never!*" I answered. "With God's help, I will never taste wine nor strong liquor of any kind again. From this hour I shall be free! Oh, Mary, can you ever forgive me for the past?"

She did not reply, but she leaned and kissed me in a way that made my resolution iron.

Just then the children—dear, unconscious little ones!—bounded into the room.

"Hurrah, father!" they shouted. "Hurrah for the Fourth of July! Hi! Ain't we having grand fun though?"

"Hurrah!" I responded, huskily, kissing each of the crazy little creatures in turn. "And now let us hasten to our breakfast, for we must have a jolly time to-day!"

"Indeed we shall!" laughed my wife, as she bustled about, with color in her cheek, and the old, girlish light kindling in her eye; "indeed we shall. Why, John, I never felt so happy in my life!"

All this happened some years ago. Time has done many queer things in our family since then. He has put the baby into pantaloons; carried our oldest boy to college; married Kitty to a thriving young lawyer; woven little silvery threads in Mary's hair and mine; and, better than all, has never brought us one unhappy anniversary of my blessed Independence-Day!

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

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The following is from an officer in the Mississippi fleet: After the battle and capture of Fort Henry and Donelson, the fleet were lying at Cairo. The prisoners were passing the fleet, and among them there was a contraband, an old servant of one of the officers. In passing the *Essex* he shook his head, and remarked, "I doesn't like dat one-pipe boat, fur, when she cum along and throwed dem rotten shell on hers we couldn't stan' it no longer; den massa run, and after dat I leff too!"

Just previous to the battle I had filled my shells with an incendiary matter of my own invention, which had not the most agreeable smell, and hence the old darkey's remark. I used the same shell on my attack and destruction of the *Arkansas*.

YOUTHFUL SWELL. "Now, Charley, you're just in time for breakfast—have a cup of coffee?"

LANGUID SWELL. "Thanks, no! I assure yah—my de-ar feelah. If I were to take a cup of coffee in the morning it would keep me awake all day."

Wanted, by an attorney, a clerk to engross other people's attention.

"DAILY EVENING MAIL"—a lover calling on his sweetheart.

An inventive Yankee has produced an apparatus which he says is a cure for snoring. He fastens upon the nose a gutta-percha tube leading to the tympanum of the ear. Whenever the snorer snores he himself receives the first impression, finds how disagreeable it is, and, of course, reforms.

English milliners have sometimes as much *esprit* as their French sisters. "I remember," says Lord Eldon, "I was coming away from the queen's drawing-room in my full dress as king's counsel (Lord Clarendon, then Mr. Villiers, was with me), and we came into the room where the milliners were collected to see the fashions. 'Why, Villiers,' said I, 'I think that all the prettiest women are here.' One of the girls—and a most amazingly beautiful creature she was—stood up and said to another, 'I am sure that gentleman is a judge.'"

"Remember, madam, that you are the weaker vessel," said an irate husband. "Exactly," said the lady, "but do not you forget that the weaker vessel may have the stronger *spirit* in it."

"Can I show you any thing more to-day, Sir?" asked the civil gentleman behind the counter. "Yes, Sir," was the reply: "will you be good enough to show me the silk umbrella I left here three weeks ago?"

Quilp, having spoken rather disparagingly of the female sex in the hearing of a lady friend, was rebuked for his impertinence by the question, "What would be the effect upon the men if all the 'little dears' should perish?" "Ah," said Quilp, "I acknowledge that the result would be a universal *stag-nation!*"

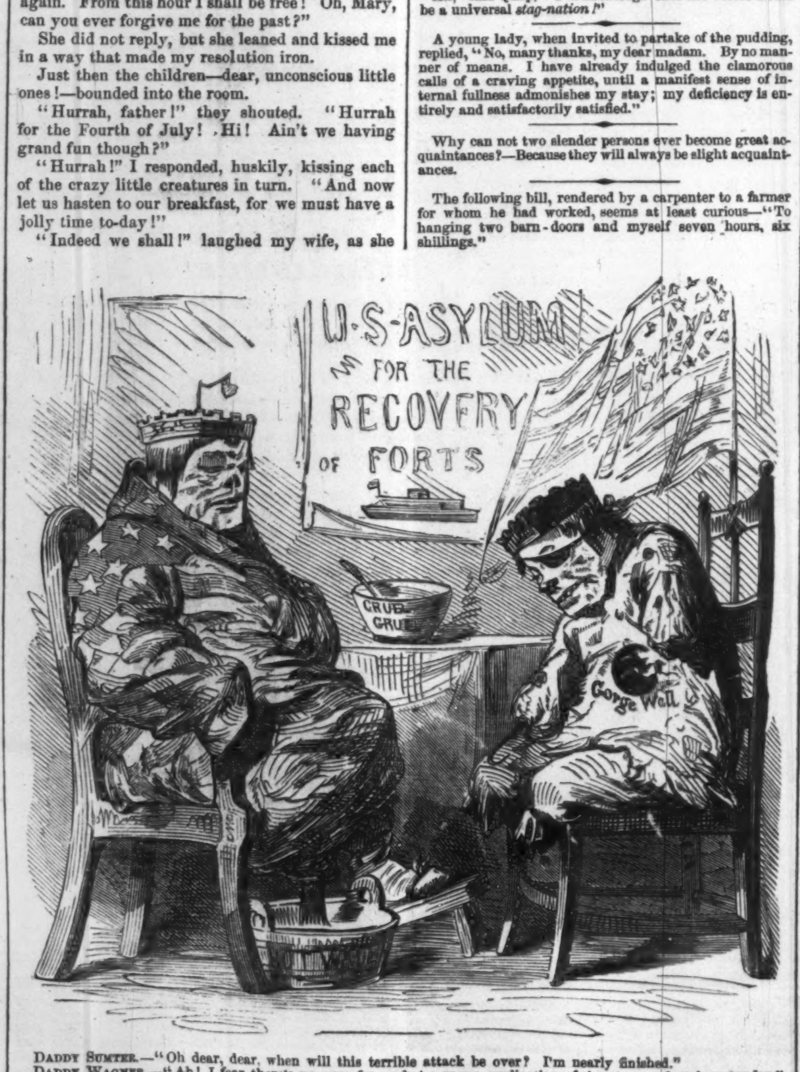
A young lady, when invited to partake of the pudding, replied, "No, many thanks, my dear madam. By no manner of means. I have already indulged the clamorous calls of a craving appetite, until a manifest sense of internal fullness admonishes my stay; my deficiency is entirely and satisfactorily satisfied."

Why can not two slender persons ever become great acquaintances?—Because they will always be slight acquaintances.

The following bill, rendered by a carpenter to a farmer for whom he had worked, seems at least curious—"To hanging two barn-doors and myself seven hours, six shillings."

A young man and a female once upon a time stopped at a country tavern. Their awkward appearance excited the attention of one of the family, who commenced a conversation with the female by inquiring how far she had traveled that day? "Traveled!" exclaimed the stranger, somewhat indignantly; "we didn't travel; we *rid!*"

If a young lady faints when you "propose to her," you can restore her to consciousness by just whispering in her ear you were only joking.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Gorge Well

DADDY SUMTER.—"Oh dear, dear, when will this terrible attack be over? I'm nearly finished."
DADDY WAGNER.—"Ah! I fear there's no cure for us but a warm application of the stars and stripes yonder."

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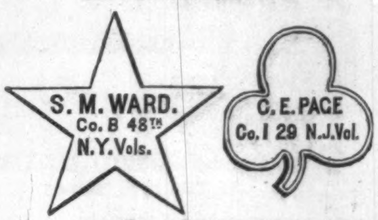
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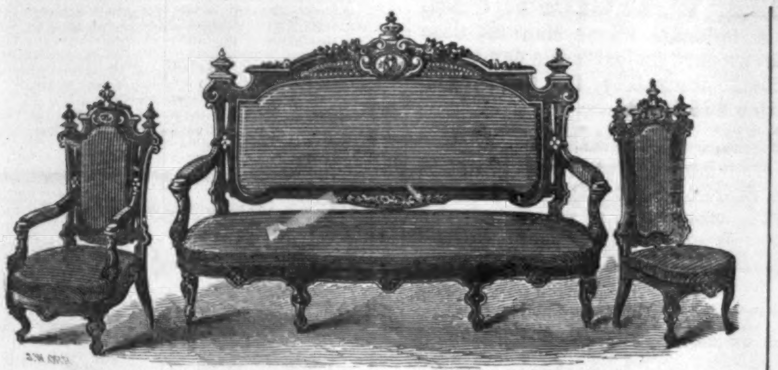

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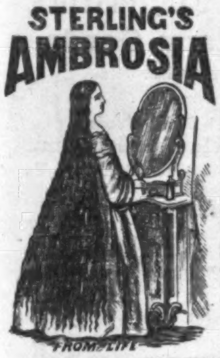

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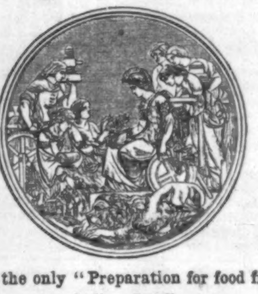

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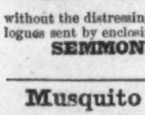

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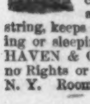

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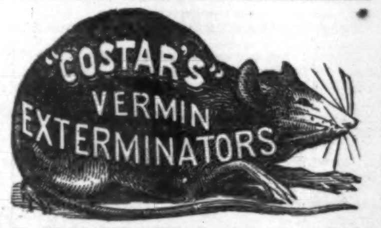

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Put up in 25c. 50c. and $1 00 Boxes, Bottles, and Flasks. $3 and $5 sizes for HOTELS, PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS, &c.

"Only infallible remedies known."
"Free from Poisons."
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☞ Sold Wholesale in all large cities.
☞ Sold by all DRUGGISTS and RETAILERS everywhere.
☞ "!!! BEWARE !!!" of all worthless imitations.
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Will warm food for the baby, heat water or steep herbs, &c., for the sick, make water hot for shaving or toddy, cook a few oysters, boil or fry eggs, make tea and coffee, toast bread, &c., &c., in less time and expense than by any other means known. Used on any lamp without obscuring the light. Price 25 cents; by mail, postage paid, 50 cents.

Also a Patent Lighter, for lighting lamps without removing the chimney. Price 10 cents.

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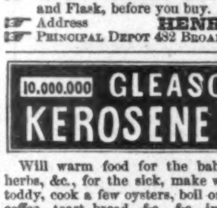
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### WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

## Worth $500,000.

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| 100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches | $100 00 each. |
| 100 Gold Watches | 60 00 each. |
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| 3000 Vest and Neck Chains | 5 00 to 10 00 each. |
| 3000 Gold Band Bracelets | 5 00 to 10 00 each. |
| 3000 " " " | 3 00 to 5 00 each. |
| 3000 Cameo Brooches | 4 00 to 6 00 each. |
| 3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches | 4 00 to 6 00 each. |
| 3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches | 4 00 to 6 00 each. |
| 3000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches | 4 00 to 6 00 each. |
| 3000 Cameo Ear Drops | 4 00 to 6 00 each. |
| 3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops | 4 00 to 6 00 each. |
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| 3000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops | 4 00 to 8 00 each. |
| 5100 Gent's Breast Pins | 2 50 to 8 00 each. |
| 3000 Watch Keys | 2 00 to 6 00 each. |
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**J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,**
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**The Perfection of Mechanism!**

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A most pleasing novelty. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepiece for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it and connected with its machinery its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The cases of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being fine 16 carat gold. It has the improved ruby action lever movement, and is warranted an accurate timepiece. Price, superbly engraved, per case of half dozen, $204. Sample watches in neat morocco boxes, $35. If sent by mail, the postage is 36 cents; registering, 20 cents.

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The RAILWAY TIMEKEEPER has *heavy solid sterling silver cases*, beautiful white enamel dial, handsome gold hands, with superior regulated movement, *warranted to run and keep excellent time!* Price, per case of half dozen, $60; by mail, $1 65 for postage. If registered, 20 cents additional. A safe delivery by mail guaranteed. *Sold only by the case.*

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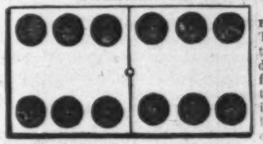

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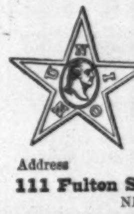

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